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THE
CENSOR.
VOL. I.

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THE ²⁹
CENSOR.

VOL. I.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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T O

JOHN DODD, Esq;



WITH some fort
of People it
may raise a
Wonder, that the *Brit-*
ish Censor, in the Midst
of the Gravity and Re-
flections of his Office,

A 3 should

Dedication.

should chuse the politest
Gentleman of the Age
to address: But is my
Censorial Wisdom so ve-
ry inconsistent with
your Wit and Gaiety?
or is Virtue less amia-
ble, because it is beauti-
fied with a lively Turn
of Imagination? It may
be my Part indeed to
draw and form an agree-
able Character, but
Yours has been to *prove*
and

Dedication.

and *live it* ; and the Possession of a most ample Fortune has appeared no Disparagement at all to Your Discretion.

When I look on the Favourite Picture *Your Horace* draws of his *Tibullus*, I am pleased to think there is an *English* Gentleman who resembles him in every one of his finest Features: Because to have the Advan-

Dedication.

vantages of Person, Education, and Wealth is common to many, but the Power of exerting them in the most graceful Manner was only that great *Roman's* peculiar Happiness.

Could I finish a just Piece like that Master of Men and Manners, I would soon attempt to tell what becoming Ease You display in every Action,

Dedication.

ction, what well-judged Liberality without Affectation, what Public-Spiritedness without Prejudice. To make such a one admired is to name Him, but to make Him beloved is to know Him. The Character I assume frees me from the least Imputation of Flattery, and what You act in Life from the Possibility of receiving it. I

Dedication.

I am responsible to
the World for my Integrity; and if You are
looked on with a just
Eye, they will entirely
agree in being what I
am,

Your most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

The Censor.



P R E F A C E.



*W*HEN the Papers under the following Title came abroad singly, they had several Clogs upon them, which are since removed, but which at that time gave the Undertakers no small Discouragement.

They followed too close upon the Heels of the inimitable Spectator, whose excellent Vein of good Sense, Spirit, Wit, and Humour, made that Paper the Entertainment of all the Gay, Polite and Virtuous Part of Mankind. It was a hard Task to come after such a Writer, and avoid striking into the Paths he had trod, and still a harder to invent new Subjects, and work upon them with any Degree of the same Genius and Delicacy. This the Publishers of the Censor knew so well, that they were oblig'd to give a New Turn both of Character and Dress to their Performances.

Another Disadvantage was, the vast Multitude of Papers that pretended to give an equal Diversion to the Town; which, tho' they died soon, and have left no Memory behind

P R E F A C E.

behind them, yet found Readers heavy enough to sympathize with their Dullness. That Period of Time may be well called the Age of Counsellors, when every Blockhead who could write his own Name attempted to inform and amuse the Publick. And yet, tho' struggling with these Difficulties, the Censor had the good Fortune to please the better sort of Readers; who gave it an Encouragement sufficient to make the Undertakers believe, a Revival of it would not be displeasing to the World.

It is now presented to the Reader in a new Form, without any emulating View of Rivaling the great Masters who have gone before in this way of Writing. But if some Subjects of Morality have a new Turn given them, if some of Criticism can do any thing towards amending the Taste of the Age, and others touch tolerably upon new Scenes of Humour, it is to be hoped this Volume will meet with a favourable Reception.

It cannot be expected that any Account should be given of the Authors, since some of them are still concern'd in carrying on the same Design at present, not without the Assistance of many Eminent Hands. But in the future Volumes the Secret (if worth enquiring after) will be discovered, if the Consent of the particular Writers can be obtained.

THE



THE CENSOR.

N^o. 1. Monday, April 11. 1715.

— *Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere Chartæ.*
Juven.



BEING lineally descen-
ded from *Benjamin Johnson*
of surly Memory, whose
Name as well as a consi-
derable Portion of his Spi-
rit, without one Farthing
of Estate, I am Heir to; I took up a
Resolution to let the World know, that
there is still a poor Branch of that *Im-
mortal* Family remaining, sworn and a-
vow'd Foes to Nonsense, bad Poets,
illiterate Fops, affected Coxcombs, and
B all

all the Spawn of Follies and Impertinence, that make up and incumber the present Generation.

When I found this Spirit of my great *Ancestor* growing too powerful to be suppress'd, and struggling within my Bosom for Vent; when I observ'd my Resentments to be rather a Punishment to my self, than a Correction of the Vices of others; I determin'd to let my Heart breath more freely, and give a Loose to my Indignation.

At my coming to Town, having but a small Acquaintance, my first Step was to take a larger Scope of Familiarity, and work my self into Clubs, publick Meetings, and mix'd Assemblies of all kinds. Many a Night have I watch'd the Mouth of a *Critic*, for droppings of ill Nature; many a time have I miss'd my Glass in Company, to examine a Piece of pretended Wit; and sat at a Lord's Table without eating a Bit, the better to indulge my Intellectual Appetite, in hearing him Discourse upon the Elegance of Taste, and the Oeconomy of his own Board.

Sometimes when I have been unsatisfied with the polite Speakers at *Will's* and *Button's*, to make Amends for the
Time

Time mis-spent, I have descended under Ground; and as *Democritus* sought Truth at the bottom of a *Well*, so have I in the *Angle* of a *Cellar*.

I have gone by *Water* from a *Lecture* upon *Patience*, as well to improve that Virtue as to gather up fresh *Sarcasms*, and catch Flocks of *Raillery* in their Flight from one Boat to another. The Skirts of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* are obliged to me for frequent Visits; where I have sat, among the lower Tribe of Mankind, in Disguise; observing with great Pleasure the little Strifes and Emulations of Two *Street-Oracles*, and the passionate Concern of their respective Hearers for the Success of their Favourite; when I have at last unexpectedly interpos'd, and sagely determin'd the important Difference. In the Summer, have I learnt the most material Characters and Humours of a Suburb Village, at the Expence only of a Pipe or Two of *John Sly's* best *Virginia*: And, on some lucky Days, made up a Dispute between a *Squire* and a *Vicar*, of a Year or 'Two's standing, for the Value of *Three Half-pence*. Upon these Occasions, I have often had the Satisfaction, at my leaving the Com-

pany, of an applauding Sort of Whisper between the Parties; and gone off with the Character of a *clever Fellow*, or *ingenious Gentleman*, according as the Quality of the Speaker serv'd to vary the Phrase of the Encomium; A Tribute which, from the *Hereditary Vanity* of our Family, my Heart has secretly delighted in.

But the better Part of my Commerce with the World has been, more agreeable to my Education, in Companies of the Witty, and the Learned, the Judges of Men and Manners: And now and then to relieve me from too great a waste of Breath, in arguing, asserting and replying, I have retir'd to that Sex, who take most Delight in *talking all* themselves. The Expences, to support the Figure I make in this higher Sphere, have been continually supplied by a Female *Name-sake*, who has prov'd her self nearly allied to our Family, by an Allowance that answers my Pleasures as well as Maintenance. She owns it is her Ambition to be thought of this Affinity; and esteems it an easy Exchange to have a Title to a Share of our Wit by her Money. She has indeed a great many odd Humours, and innocent Vanities, which it
would

would be ridiculous to offer at correcting in One of her Age; tho' I am in some hopes of getting off from a Task she has oblig'd me to perform for these Ten Years together, which has been to read to her an Hour once a Week out of some *Greek* Author. 'Tis true, she does not understand a Tittle of my Lecture, but admires it for a fine sounding Language; and Madam *Dacier* her self cannot be in more Transports than my *Cousin* is upon my reading of *Homer*: When any one rallies her upon this Subject, she only replies, she has as much Reason as the Ladies who are pleas'd with *Italian* Opera's.

I must dismiss the good *Old Gentlewoman* for this time, in order to let the World a little more into my Self, and my Intentions. I have beheld with a secret Pain the Sufferings of my honest Countrymen, under the Fraternity of Authors; and own it is partly out of a Principle of Revenge, that I make my own Writings publick. The Penance that I have undergone in turning over the heavy Pages of the *Moderns*, requires some Retaliation: And I hope to be even with these Abusers of my Passions, before I lay down my Pen. Oft

have I burst into a sudden Fit of Laughter, when the Subject requir'd a Face of Gravity; and been fore'd to sigh, when the Writer prepar'd me for a Scene of Mirth and Diversion: I have been kept awake, when my Eyes requir'd Slumber; but in return, I confess I have been oftner lull'd to Rest, when it concern'd me to be awake. The only Refuge I had left was either to retire into the strong Holds of Antiquity, and hide my self in *Greek* or *Latin* from their Persecution; or to make an Advantage of my Tormentors, by exposing them to the World.

I have chose the latter, and for the future shall look with a severe Eye on the Labours of my *Contemporaries*; nor suffer them to pass without due Correction. Folly shall no more be baul'd in our Streets, nor Sense and Nonsense sold currently at the same Price, if the Spirit of *Ben. Johnson* can work any Reformation.

At the same time I shall make a strict Inquisition into the *licens'd* Vanities of both Sexes, and lay an Interdict upon any Importation of new ones; those of our own Growth being already Evils too numerous for the Sufferance of a *Censor*.
However,

However, I shall not allow my Spleen to get the better of my Humanity, but qualify my Corrections with good Humour and Moderation.

The *Beau Monde*, in all its Views and Varieties, I seize on as my proper Province to exercise my Authority in; not without a particular Regard to the *British* Stage, of which by right of *Ancestry* I claim the Protection.

In short, I reserve to my self the uncontrollable Privilege of being Gay or Grave, of playing the *Ancient* or *Modern*, at my own Pleasure: Ever excluding all Prejudices and Party-Affairs from any Share in the *Censor*.

I therefore desire those who shall favour me with their Correspondence to abstain from *Whig* and *Tory*, which are Names, I profess, I do not understand. *Where-ever Truth lies, Wit is certainly of no Party*; and if *Ben Johnson* can gain the Reputation of the One, he will not be at all Sollicitous about the Other.

N° 2. *Wednesday, April 13.*

— *Vitiis Nemo sine nascitur, Optimus ille*
Qui minimis Urgetur. — Hor.

I Gave you to know in my last, that I sensibly perceiv'd my self to inherit a considerable Portion of the surly discontented Spirit of my Great Ancestour, and the late Vicissitudes of *Rain* and *Cloudy Weather* have given me no small Confirmation of it: Indeed when-ever my *Barometer* stands at *Foul* or *Changeable*, I find the *testy Humours* Predominant; and my *Natural Spleen* disposes me to grow uneasy at the World, and run into *Invectives* against the rest of Mankind.

I have been pretty much seiz'd with these sow'r Fits for this Week past, even to a degree of shutting my self up from Company. Now to show you, that I can laugh at the *Oddities* of my Temper, when the *Chagrin* is once wore off, I'll give you an exact State of my Case in
those

those Hours when my bilious Humours are on the Float.

If I am alone, my Ferment begins with long *Strides*, contracted *Brows*, and *Distortions* of the Mouth. I don't know well whether my Break-fast must be *Tea*, or *Coffee*; but as soon as that Point's settled, I pour the first Cup out by mistake into the *Sugar-Dish*, fall a cursing my self for such a piece of Negligence, and fast for my Punishment.

Upon this *Dilemma*, I throw my self back into a Chair and sit moody, till a Coal falls on the Skirts of my Nightgown, and makes me start up from that Posture of Austerity, to settle the Fire in better Order; to which End I pother till I stir it out, let the Poker drive full at the back of the Stove for Madness, fall again into a State of Melancholy, and cherish Distasts and ill-natur'd Reflections. Then do ten Thousand *Ideas* crowd into my Brain, and offer me Subjects for eternal Imprecations; and 'tis Forty to One if I don't begin and rant *tragically* to my self in some of *Lee's* or *Otway's* Elegancies.

In some of these Moments of Indigestion have I discharg'd my Venom in a *Satyr* on the *Times*, wrote Declamations

against the *Stage* and *Pulpit*, and begun an *Examen* on the Modern Poets, to damn the Performers, break the Book-sellers, and shove Non-sense by Neck and Shoulders out of Reputation. This is my ordinary way of management, when the *Delirium* takes me by my self; Neither shall I scruple to present you with a Sample of my Behaviour in Company.

Yesterday I was surpriz'd in one of my *Crudities* by *Ned Freeman*, and *Jack Winlove*. On their Enttring with Airs of usual Familiarity, I forc'd my self to rise from my Chair, and with a grave Face told them they were welcome, and desir'd them to sit. The Rogues immediately observ'd the Formality of my *Phiz*; and scenting the *Cue* I was in, began to sneer at each other, as much as to say, *let's teize the Cynick*.—Upon this *Ned Freeman* began his Attack with, *Well, Honest Ben, how goes the World, and what store of News have you for our Entertainment?* I was so fully appriz'd of their Intentions to torment Me, that I was almost tempted to grow good-humour'd, only to disappoint their Malice: But not being able to bring my self into a Form of Gaiety, *Prithee, Ned,*
(said

(said I,) what do'st thou trouble me about News for? If you mean that of the publick Papers, you know I hold the whole Clan of News-Writers for no better than a Confederacy of Lyars; and would as soon hope for Wit and Consistency from Bedlam, as Truth and Honesty from their Intelligence. If thou would'st keep free from the Odium of Company, Ned, learn to set Bounds to thy Curiosity; and think it less Impertinence to be a polite Companion, than an accurate Journalist. What Business have we to amuse our selves with Politicks, and descant on the Turns or Miscarriages of States and Kingdoms, when every knot of Company will supply us with Scandal, and furnish out a Lesson for our own Improvement? Really, Gentlemen, the World is grown so Vicious and Degenerate, that I am perfectly sick of being one of its Inhabitans. Interest, and Prejudice are the Two great Bias's that turn every Inclination. The whole Universe is but one large Family of Knaves and Fools, that, like Flint and Steel, are perpetually striking Fire out of each other: The Friend, you think, you may confide in, betrays his Trust: The Tradesman from whom you promised your self fair Dealing, puts the Tricks of his Vocation upon you: The Lawyer, that should do you Justice in
his

his way, lets the Adversary into the Weakness of your Cause, and sells your Interest for a Cross Fee: In short, we are hem'd in, and besieg'd with Villany, and cannot possibly make a successful Sally to our Relief. For my own part, I protest I am tir'd out with the continual Circulation of Frauds and Impositions; and begin almost to think with Hamlet, what should such an Animal as I do crawling betwixt Heav'n and Earth? My Spirit is sower'd with the Qualities of things; they move my Gall, and make the Infirmities of Years overtake me at an Age when I should be Gay and Vigorous: Yet after all, my Friends, you may perhaps condemn the Pedantry of my Ill-humour, because my Resentments cannot work a Reformation on Mankind: While the Charge, that I intended to direct for the Execution of Coxcombs and Blockheads, recoils upon my self; and shocks my own Constitution more than it disturbs their Follies.

After I had carried on my Reflections to this Length, I made a Pause, expecting the Gentlemen should make their Remarks on my Dogmatical Air of talking; when, lifting up my Eyes, I found I had wearied them out with Raillery, and they had taken the Opportunity of shrinking away silently,
and

and left me to continue my Preachments to my self.

When I had got rid of my Companions, I began to reflect upon the indecent Familiarities so common among Friends, of breaking in upon our serious or splenetick Hours, and endeavouring to extort Mirth out of a Temper indispos'd for it, which certainly ends in a Dissatisfaction on the one side or the other. The best way in these Cases, is to let the floating Humours subside by degrees, and leave the Man to recover himself, since Argument will prove as ineffectual as Wit unseasonable. What my Friends have thought of my Behaviour I know not, and yet I can't help condemning my self for running into a general Satyr upon Mankind, because I a poor *Individual* of the *Species* happen'd to be uneasy to my self. You see with what Frankness of Heart I confess my own Frailties, and I could only wish that the softest Terms, that Humanity can give them, may be placed to all our natural Levities and Infirmities. Every Man is at some Seasons what the old *Stoics* called *Mad*; and a *New Philosopher* of the first Class does not scruple to own that, in some Hours of Life, he
could

could not upon Reflection remember one Act or Thought that could entitle him to the Character of a *Rational Being*. In short, as we have none of us an Exemption from the Accidents to which our Bodies are obnoxious, so neither have we from the Effect our Organs have upon our superior Faculties. The only Method to make the conversing part of Life easy, is to distinguish between the natural and affected, or depraved Habits that cling to us, and make a part of our Selves; and be inclined to give the most favourable Interpretation of all indifferent Actions.

N^o 3. *Friday, April 15.*

— *Secernere Sacra Prophanis.* Hor.

I Had laid out my Paper in order to pursue the Course of Entertainment I promis'd to my Readers, but the *Solemnity* of the present *Day* oblig'd me to defer all gay Designs, and give way to Matters of a more serious Consideration,

tion than those I have taken upon Me to reform.

Whatever the present Generation of Wits may think of it, I can assure them that my Great *Ancestour*, throughout the Scene of his Life, preserv'd a just Notion of Religious Duties; and never suffer'd any Views of *Profit* or *Reputation* to break in upon the Days consecrated to the more *glorious* Ends of his *Existence*.

It would be perhaps a Wonder to the Vulgar, who have receiv'd nothing but poor traditional Accounts of *Ben Johnson*, that one of his Contemporaries, of no small Fame, was expell'd from the *Poetical Club* for a profane Jest; and another, for an irreverent Allusion to a Passage in *Holy Writ*, obliged to repeat the whole *Gospel* of St. *John* in the Original *Greek*; a Task so difficult to a Modern *Free-thinker*, that 'tis probable he must be forc'd to go to School again, before he could be able to perform it. But these Fellows consider no more of honest *Ben* than his *Leges Conviviales*; which, tho' they abound with a Vein of good Humour and Mirth, have a nice regard to Decency and good Manners.

I have

I have so much Reverence to his Memory, as well as Respect to my own Character, that I will not suffer Humour to drop from my Pen at a time, when all Hearts ought to be possess'd for a Nobler Subject. I could almost wish the Town so fully Contemplative on the great Duties to which this Day is set apart, that my *Speculations* might remain unread, till their Souls returning from a *Sequestration* might with Decency be allow'd to unbend, and converse again with Earth and Vanity. But as I know *Frailty* so Universal, and *Curiosity* so prevalent, that too many will postpone their *Devotions* to my Paper, I think, by my *Office*, I owe them a Rebuke; and that I cannot Censure them more justly, than by correcting their Levity by my Anticipation of a Theme which ought to have employ'd their Thoughts.

It is a Time when we should call our Hearts to Account; when we should meditate on the inestimable Benefit of our *Redemption*, of that *Blood* which wash'd us from *Original* Offences; and examine how far we have been grateful to the *Lord* of *Life*, or how deeply abus'd his Kindness, and by new Disobedience incurr'd his Indignation. Let
us

us arm our selves with Piety, and a just Sense of our Debt to the Godhead, by calling to mind the Agonies of his *Passion*; the Burthen of our Sins that sat heavier upon him than the *Indignities* of his *Persecutors*, or the *Tortures* of his *Crucifixion*. How can we restrain our Remorse and Contrition, and not let our Eyes flow for our Transgressions, when we reflect that the Saviour of the World *wet Blood*, and *his Soul was Sorrowful even unto Death!*

No Humane Soul can be capable of justly comprehending his Sorrows; it was not a *Corporeal* Pain he now labour'd with, but a fiercer and more horrid Conflict: *The Pain of Body is but as the Body of Pain; the Anguish of the Soul is as the Soul of Anguish.* It was not the Fear of those *Scourges* or *Thorns*, the piercing of the *Nails*, or Agonies of the *Cross*, the *Ingratitude* of the *Jews*, or *Shame* of a *Death*, only inflicted on Thieves and Murtherers, which wounded his Breast; his *Heaviness* proceeded from the *Sins* of the World; and the *Wrath* of his *Father* press'd his Soul, and wrung from him Expressions of Bitterness. It is a Thought that should awaken our Gratitude and Repentance, to reflect, that if every Sin deserves an eternal Death, what must the Agonies

Agonies of his Passion be, that could answer for those Millions of Eternal Deaths, which the Sins of Mankind had incurr'd from the Justice of an Incens'd Deity.

Can we read of the Treachery of *Judas*, and not enquire of our own Bosoms how often we have sold our *Master* for less than *Thirty Pieces*? How often, like that wicked Disciple, *bail'd* him with our *Lips*, but *betray'd* him in our *Hearts*? How can we hear with dry Eyes, and unbroken Spirits, the dismal and inhuman Process of his Sufferings? The Scorns and Insults which he bore with Patience! The Aggravations of Malice, and Blasphemies sufficient to make him have exercis'd his Divinity, and disappointed the Redemption of Mankind! How can we bear, without Horror and Admiration, to look back on the sad Pomp of his Execution! Loaded with the Burthen of that *Cross*, which must quickly bear him *bleeding* and *distended*! Insulted by the Rabble, who drag him on *weary* and *fainting*! Divested of his Garments, and expos'd to Shame! Fasten'd with *Cords*, and transfix'd with *Irons*! Tortur'd with the Weight of his own Body; and hanging aloft, between Heaven and Earth, a *Spectacle* of *Misery*, and the *Scorn* of *Beholders*!

Beholders! His whole Skin streak'd and discolour'd with Stripes, and a *Thorny* Diadem goring his sacred Fore-head!

I cannot so well conclude this Paper, as with a Divine Contemplation of *Bishop Hall* on this Solemn Occasion.

“ The Eye of Sense could not distinguish Thee, O dear Saviour, in the
“ nearest Proximity of the Cross; the
“ Eye of Faith sees Thee in all this
“ distance: And by how much more
“ Ignominy, Deformity and Pain, it
“ finds in Thee, so much more it admires the Glory of thy Mercy. Alas!
“ Is this the Head that is deck'd by thine
“ Eternal Father with a Crown of pure
“ Gold, of Immortal and Incomprehensible Majesty, which is now bush'd
“ with Thorns? Is this the Eye that
“ saw the Heavens open'd, and the Holy Ghost descending upon that Head?
“ That saw such Resplendence of heavenly Brightness on Mount *Tabor*, which
“ now begins to be over-clouded with
“ Death? Are these the Ears, that
“ heard the Voice of thy Father owning thee out of Heaven, which
“ now tingle with Bufferings, and glow
“ with Reproaches, and bleed with
“ Thorns? Are these the Lips that
“ spake as never Man's spake, full of
Grace

“ Grace and Power, that call’d out dead
“ *Lazarus*, that ejected the stubbornest
“ Devils, that commanded the Cure of
“ all Diseases, which are now swoln
“ with Blows, and discolour’d with Blue-
“ ness and Blood? Is this the Face that
“ should be fairer than the Sons of Men,
“ which the Angels of Heaven so desired
“ to see, and can never be satisfied with
“ seeing, that is thus foul with the
“ nasty Mixtures of Sweat, and Blood,
“ and Spittings on? Are these the Hands
“ that stretch’d out the Heavens as a
“ Curtain, that by their Touch heal’d
“ the Lame, the Deaf, the Blind,
“ which are now bleeding with the
“ Nails? Are these the Feet which
“ walked lately upon the liquid Pave-
“ ment of the Sea, before whose Foot-
“ stool all the Nations of the Earth are
“ bidden to worship, that are now so
“ painfully fix’d to the Cross? O cruel and
“ unthankful Mankind, that offer’d such
“ Measure to the Lord of Life! Oh infi-
“ nitely merciful Saviour, that would’st
“ suffer all this for unthankful Man-
“ kind! That Fiends should do these
“ things to guilty Souls, it is tho’
“ terrible, yet just: But that Men
“ should do thus to the blessed Son of
God,

God, it is beyond the Capacity of our Horror.

N^o 4. *Monday, April 18.*

*Habet Natura ut aliarum omnium rerum,
sic vivendi modum.* Cic.

*Pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimo,
Severitatem Comitatemque miscere, nè
illa in Tristitiam, hæc in Petulantiam
procedat.* Plin. Epist.

AS the *Holy-days* are a Season in which every one thinks he has a right of indulging himself in Ease and Pleasure, so I look'd upon my self at Liberty to have a Share in this common Priviledge; and relieve my self at this time from the Toil of composing an entire Essay, by an insertion of Two Letters I have lately receiv'd from a pair of *Female* Correspondents. The Disposition of their Spirits seems so different, that I fancy they would make a good Counterpoize to each other. The one has a Taste for the Rattle and Gayeties of the Town; the other is pleas'd with

with the innocent Solitudes of a Country *Villa*. The former has her Genius turn'd for Society, the latter for Contemplation. The Complaints of This are founded meerly on her Restraints from Pleasure, the Other's are Reflections purely struck out of the Impressions of things on her tender Nature. But their own Lines will best speak the difference of their Characters and Sentiments.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

Venerable *Censor*,

“ Give me leave to submit a Case to
 “ You, which, I assure you, gives
 “ me no small Uneasiness; as it is not
 “ intermitting, but continual. My hard
 “ Fate has plac'd me under the direction
 “ of a First *Cousin* of my own Sex, on
 “ whom, as I am told, I am to build
 “ my Dependance: I cannot account
 “ to you for my own Hardships, with-
 “ out first letting you into her Cha-
 “ racter: And tho' you should insert
 “ my Letter in your Paper, (as I wish
 “ with all my Heart you would;) I be-
 “ lieve there are so many more of her
 “ Stamp, that she cannot possibly fix
 “ the Intelligence upon me; for, like a
 “ Prisoner under Sentence, I am but
 “ seldom

“ seldom allow’d the use of Pen and
“ Ink. Now, you must know, she is
“ one of Those who value themselves
“ for being *Wise Virgins*: She begins to
“ be pretty well stricken in Years, and
“ is overtaken with as many Infirmities.
“ And the Complication of Age and Ill-
“ ness renders her so unfit for Pleasure,
“ that she envies those whose Youth
“ and Sprightliness make them capable
“ of relishing the World: Alas! Mr. Cen-
“ sor, you are not a Stranger to the Power
“ of Affections; nor to know, that
“ every Stage of Life has a Singularity
“ of Taste. For Me that am in the
“ Bloom of my Years and Beauty, (if I
“ shall ever have any,) to be *immur’d*,
“ like a *Vestal* for Incontinence, and
“ cloister’d up from all Enjoyments, you
“ must imagine goes against the Grain.
“ Then we have no *Male* Creatures
“ come a-near our House; all my *Cou-*
“ *sin’s* Familiarities are with the Favou-
“ rites of our own Sex; she blushes if a
“ Man does but accidentally speak to
“ her, and will sweat with Confusion
“ if he should but touch the Tip of her
“ Glove. Now really tho’ I am confi-
“ dent I should be Virtuous and out-
“ stand Temptation; yet I cannot for
“ my

“ my Soul be so much a *Platonick*, or
“ enter into the dear Satisfaction of
“ a Female Intimacy. I fear, I shall
“ be troublesome, tho’ I have not a-
“ bove half drawn her Picture. She is
“ so extreamly Religious, that *Churches*,
“ and *Chapters*, *Psalms*, and *Sermons* are
“ her only Recreation. Let me not lie
“ open to the Imputation of contemn-
“ ing Religion; but only that I conceive
“ her’s to be of the wrong Stamp. For
“ she is a notorious Bigot to *Superstition*:
“ She would not put the least Trifle in-
“ to Execution of a *Childermass-day*, de-
“ pends much on the *Omens* of a *splint-
“ red Coal* starting out of the Fire, and
“ goes into a Fit of the Vapours on the
“ oversetting of a *Salt-cellar*. Then the
“ true Marks and Qualities of Religion
“ are against her; her Behaviour bids
“ defiance to Humility and Candour;
“ for her Pride makes her expect the
“ Deference of a *Countess*, and her Su-
“ spicions render her as Censorious as
“ — Well, I had a strange Image in
“ my Head, and therefore I’ll leave you
“ to make out the *Simile*. But to con-
“ clude, Mr. *Censor*, I must tell you I
“ am under very uncomfortable Circum-
“ stances. If I do but dress tolerably,
“ it

“ it is construed an Imitation of Co-
 “ quetry; If I put on but a Patch extra-
 “ ordinary, the poor Spot becomes the
 “ Subject of a Declamation, and I do
 “ more than is fit for my Quality and
 “ Fortune: If I make a Scape for a
 “ little Conversation, She tells Me the
 “ whole Town rings of my imprudent
 “ Conduct. Pray, Mr. *Censor*, oblige
 “ me so far, as well as those other
 “ young Ladies that labour under the
 “ same Restrictions, as to interpose your
 “ Regulations betwixt *our* Love of Plea-
 “ sure, and the Severity of the *Prudes*:
 “ And to determine, whether my *Cousin*
 “ does not carry it with too high a
 “ Hand; or how far I am wanting in
 “ Submission or Respect to her Mea-
 “ sures. From the Tenor of this Epi-
 “ tle, I am sure you cannot expect a
 “ Name from,

Your Humble Servant,

.....

I find this Letter writ with so much
 Vehemence and Spirit, that I am not to
 doubt my *Correspondent* lies under all the
 Grievances she complains of. Youth
 C is

is naturally prone to Pleasure, and every Restraint from the Pursuits of it is look'd on as an Injury. Yet, as an Indulgence to all the Flights of Gaiety too often betrays them into Snares and Inconveniences, 'tis fit some Rules should be set to their Conduct: But not such Strictness as to exceed Moderation, and make Life a Burthen and Imprisonment. I cannot, on a sudden, impartially determine which Side is most in fault: The *Guardian* may be too precise and severe, the *Ward* too careless of her Conduct and Character: The *Matron* ought to consider what Enjoyments Youth requires, and how far the young One's Prudence is to be trusted: The young One should reflect on the Liberties granted her, and owe so much to her own good Sense, as not to let the World condemn the *Matron* for her Indulgence.

My Second Letter is from a sedate *Fair One*, who could live under the Restraint of the strictest Direction, and look on no Usage as a cause of Complaint.

Mr. *Johnson*,

" I Am one whom my Fortune allows
 " I once a Year to come up to Town
 " about *Easter* for New Cloaths, and a
 Turn

“ Turn in *Hide-park*. But I am so mortified this time with dismal Reflections, that I much question whether I shall be able to wear those I have bought with any tolerable Satisfaction. The continual *tolling* of *Bells* at Night has thrown such a Gloom upon my Temper, and disturb’d me with so much Melancholy, that I cannot rest for the Apprehensions of Death, and being laid in the *cold Grave*. I cannot call to mind an Action of my Life of that black Dye, as should make me fear to leave it; yet I fill my self with so horrid *Ideas* of my *Dissolution*, that neither Innocence, nor the Probability of its Distance, as I am Young, can support me under them. If you can arm me against these unreasonable Disquietudes, and put me in a method of recovering my wonted Temper, you will particularly oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

Emilia.

Were I to give this Lady a *Physical* Definition of her Case, I must inform
C 2 her,

her, that it is a Poverty of the *Animal* Spirits which subjects her to such *Ideas*; her Remedy must be to guard against Solitude and Contemplation, and indulge her self in Mirth and Society; and whenever she must think of *Death*, let her consider it as the *End* of *Nature*, and her best *Priviledge*. I remember a Passage in *Lee's Junius Brutus*, that may not a little administer to her Relief.

*Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,
It seems as natural as to be born.*

*Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd
Faces,*

*Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and
Obsequies,*

*Make Death a dreadful thing: The Pomp
of Death,*

Is far more terrible than Death it self.

I would advise the fair *Emilia* to amuse her self at the *Theatre*, provided it be at a *Comedy*; and that she come not near it on *Wednesday* next, when the Distresses of the *Lady Jane Grey*, work'd up with all the force of *Language* and *Passion*, will rather cause her to relapse into *Melancholy*, than be a means of restoring her to *Gaiety*.

Wednesday,

every *Vineyard* in *France* in *Landſhips*,
to adorn his *Country-seat*.

We Lovers of Antiquity have our *Foibles* of this Nature, which we keep up with a very innocent Superſtition. For my own Part, the Shelves of my Study are filled with curious Volumes in all ſorts of Litterature, that preſerve the Fragments of great and venerable Authors. Theſe I conſider as ſo many precious Collections from a Ship-wreck of inestimable Value; comforting my ſelf for the loſs of the general Cargo, by the greater Price and Eſteem that ought to be ſet upon the injur'd Remains. In oppoſite Columns to theſe ſtand the *Reſtore*rs of ancient Learning, who are continually ſnatching delicious Morſels from the Mouth of *Time*, and forcing that general *Robber* to a Reſtitution of his ill-gotten Goods.

When upon tumbling over the firſt Shelves, I have diſcovered an uncommon Beauty and Strength of Wit in an imperfect *Paragraph*, I grieve as much that I cannot recover the whole, as a brave Man would for the Amputation of a Limb, from a ſtrong and vigorous Body that had done his Country great Services, and ſeem'd to promiſe it yet greater.

greater. If upon these Occasions any of the I earned happen to have supplied that Defect, by restoring a maimed Sentence to its original Life and Spirit, I pay him the same regard as the ancient *Romans* did to One who had preserv'd the Life of a *Fellow-Citizen*. In the disposition of *Homer's* Battles, we find that excellent Poet has placed the *Physician* at a convenient Nearness to the fighting *Heroe*, to be in Readiness to cure his Wounds; and my generous *Criticks* observe the same Order, and stand prepared to come into the Assistance of an injur'd Author.

My Passion for the Ancients may perhaps have carried me too far, but I am certain that my Pains are fully answered by the Pleasure I enjoy in their Company. I expect to be laugh'd at by the fine Gentlemen of the present Age, when I tell them that I prefer a *Marble Head* of *Marcus Aurelius* to a *Golden* One of any of the greatest Men of the last *Century*; that I look upon my small Image of *Diana* with greater Transport, than the gayest Spark of them all does upon the most celebrated *Modern Beauty*. When I behold Two *Emperors* and a *Heathen God* of mine guarding a small Bag of

C 4

Coins,

Coins, that bear the Impression of their own Faces, I am better pleas'd than *Lewis XIV* can be with the *Mock-Idolatry* of a *Presence-Chamber*, or the Compliments of an *Eastern Ambassador*.

While I am upon this Subject I can't refrain my self from declaring my Aversion to those Gentlemen, who make it their Business to impose *false Wares* upon the Ignorant, under a Pretext of Learning and Antiquity. I therefore profess, that altho' I entertain a just Veneration for the *Collections* of *Celsus* the Naturalist, I will no more suffer his *Back* of an old ill-fashioned *Sconce* to pass under the honourable Name of a *Roman Shield*. If notwithstanding my Admonition he persists in the *Cheat*, I shall publish *Certificates* under the Hands of the *Brcker* who sold it, and the *Brazier* who furbish'd it up to its present Dignity. I desire no more Tricks from the Grave *Hortensius* of *Oxford*, whose stuffed *Rat* passed upon so many Foreigners for a *Species* of the *Dracones alati*, so frequently mention'd by the Ancients. At the same time I am under no small Pain for a *Discovery* of a learned Correspondent of mine, neither dare I give my Judgment in the Case till I have first consulted the *Vir-*
tuosi,

tuosi, whose Opinions I desire of the following Epistle.

Mr. *Johnson*,

“ I Cannot think that your Thoughts
 “ are so much taken up with a View
 “ of the present Times, but that they
 “ will admit of a Retrospection into the
 “ past Ages; especially when the Subject
 “ of the Enquiry tends not only to the
 “ Recovery of a piece of *Science*, which
 “ was in great Esteem among the Wi-
 “ sest of old, but may be of Benefit to
 “ the present Generation.

“ A Man of your Reading cannot be
 “ ignorant that the ancient Philoso-
 “ phers, and Naturalists, frequently men-
 “ tion the *Virga Divinationis*, or *divining*
 “ *Wand*; the Quality of which was to
 “ incline it self, and bend downwards to
 “ the particular spot of Earth where
 “ there was a *golden Mine*: and that the
 “ Use the *Adepts* of those Days made
 “ of this *Wand* was with such repeated
 “ Successes, that there is no doubt to be
 “ made of the *Truth of the Fact*.

“ Now, Sir, there have been Attempts
 “ in all Ages to attain this *Secret*, but
 “ all have miscarried; whether from
 “ the *Unfitness* of the Operator, the
 “ wrong

“ wrong Choice of their Materials, or
“ the Unseasonableness of *Amputation*, I
“ will not now determine. It is suffi-
“ cient that my Pains and Application
“ have made me *Master* of this power-
“ ful *Wand*, which I have brought to
“ such a *Perfection*, that by the help of
“ it I not only can know every *rich Man*
“ in *Great-Britain*, without so much as
“ asking a single Question, but discover
“ the very Means he used to gain his
“ Treasure.

“ As it is in my Power to make con-
“ siderable Discoveries by this *Secret*, so
“ it is not in my Nature to promulge
“ them to the Disadvantage of particular
“ Persons; I shall therefore pick out
“ only a few inoffensive Observations
“ from my Experiments within these
“ Six Months.

“ On the Tenth of *November* last, I
“ took my *Wand* under my *Cloak*, and
“ walked from *Westminster* thro’ St.
“ *James’s-Park*; I passed by conside-
“ rable Crouds of *Military Men*, with-
“ out feeling the least sensible *Inclinati-*
“ *on* of the *Stick*; where I saw such
“ Profusion of *Gold-Lace*, I must own
“ that I expected an Occasion of trying
“ its Virtue; but to my great Surprize it
“ paid

“ paid them no more Compliments,
“ than if they had been so many *Wea-*
“ *vers.*

“ Not far from *Charing-cross*, I ob-
“ serv’d a Croud of gay well-dress’d
“ People attending a Man of Distincti-
“ on to his *Coach*; with these I mixed
“ my self, and took notice that when
“ the Multitude were dispers’d, and on-
“ ly one plain Man in a bob *Wig* left
“ hanging over the *Coach Door*, my *sen-*
“ *sible piece* of Matter bow’d very low:
“ The next Day I enquir’d the Person’s
“ Name, and found him worth a *Plumb*
“ and a *Half*.

“ When I was pretty far advanced
“ in the *Strand*, I happen’d to make a
“ stop near a *Book-seller’s* Shop, and felt
“ a powerful *Incurvation* of my *Virga*;
“ but being amused at that time with
“ some other Thought, I was afraid
“ that some rich Fellow had pass’d by
“ me unobserv’d; I therefore proceed-
“ ed as far as *Jacob Tonson’s*, where I
“ perceived a *second Twitch* under my
“ *Cloak*; and, flinging it aside, I observed
“ with Pleasure the *Head* of my *Stick*
“ pointing to a parcel of *Books*, where
“ I read on the *Backs* among others, the
“ Names of *Shakespeare, Fletcher*, my
“ great

“ great Ancestour *Johnson*, and some
“ *Moderns* whom I shall forbear to
“ mention. This Experiment made me
“ go back again to try, if I could find
“ the meaning of my *first*; and I then dis-
“ cover’d that *Daniel Browne* had made
“ a fine Penny by old *Books*, my *Wand*
“ paying him the same regard it had
“ done to Mr. *Tonson*.

“ At *Temple-bar* I fell in with a *Cler-*
“ *gy-man* whom I had known formerly
“ at the *University*: we went into a *Cof-*
“ *fee-House* to drink a Dish of *Tea*, and
“ were no sooner sat down, than my
“ *piece of Wood* was shewing its *Respects*
“ to him; upon asking him a *Question* or
“ two, I found he had an *Estate* left
“ him that *very Morning* by a deceas’d
“ *Relation*. I look’d with some *Atten-*
“ *tion* on the *Signatures* of his *Face*,
“ and began to presage something bet-
“ ter to him from *Futurity*. However,
“ I would not depend upon my *Skill*
“ in *Physiognomy*, knowing I had a bet-
“ ter *Staff* to trust to; and it was not
“ long after that being in *Company*
“ with the same *Person* upon a *Motion*
“ of my *Wand*, I ventur’d to wish him
“ Joy of the *Twenty Thousand Pound Prize*:
“ which, upon *Computation*, we found
“ to

“ to be about Three Minutes after it
“ was *drawn*. I decline making my
“ Observations too numerous, and shall
“ not tell you how many *fine Beau's* I
“ met without Six Pence in their *Pock-*
“ *ets*, what Shops I saw filled with
“ Goods without Five Pounds in the
“ *Cash-Box*: nay, where I beheld *Money*
“ paying, and *Bills* exchanging, and yet
“ the *Master* in reality a *Bankrupt*.

“ But I must not omit a very odd
“ *Experiment* which I made near the
“ *Royal-Exchange*. I had placed my self
“ in the Angle of a *Coffee-Room* near an
“ old *Fellow* dress'd in a Suit of *turn'd*
“ *Mourning*, who was smoking his Pipe
“ over a Dish of *Sage Tea*; when upon
“ a sudden I perceiv'd such a violent
“ Tendency of my *Wand* towards him,
“ that I could hardly keep it in my
“ Hand. Upon Examination I found
“ it *incurvated* almost to the degree of a
“ *Semi-Circle*; I wish'd my self one of
“ his *Relations* from the bottom of my
“ Heart, and soon was confirmed in the
“ *Truth* of my Observation, by the Re-
“ spect all the Company that enter'd
“ the Room pay'd to so valuable a Per-
“ son.

“ I shall give you on other occasions

“ a farther Account of my Success, and
“ only desire the Favour of you to hand
“ my *Discoveries* to the Publick, if you
“ shall judge them becoming the Dig-
“ nity of your Office. For my own
“ Part, I neither expect a *Statue* from
“ my generous *Country-men* for my *In-*
“ *vention*, or desire a Patent for the sole
“ making and vending all *divining Wands*
“ for the Use of these *Kingdoms*; but
“ you know, *Sir*, that some Reward
“ or Respect is due to me, as well as the
“ *Discoverers* of the *Longitude*, and the
“ *Contrivers* of the *Beech-mast Oil*.

“ My Ambition does not reach very
“ high, and therefore I shall humbly
“ propose it to your Consideration, and
“ stand by the Award of your Judgment;
“ I have long had a secret Affection for
“ a *Merchant's* Daughter in the City,
“ and the only difference between us is,
“ that he is worth *Fourscore Thousand*
“ *Pounds*, and I am a poor *Virtuoso*. Now I
“ have lately discover'd by the Assistance
“ of my *Wand*, that he will lose *Twen-*
“ *ty Thousand Pounds*, by trusting it in
“ a certain *Person's* hands whom he mi-
“ stakes for a *substantial Citizen*: All
“ that I desire is, that, upon my nam-
“ ing the *Man*, he shall draw out his
“ Money

“ Money, and give it me with his Daugh-
“ ter for the Merit of the *Discovery*,
“ which is worth the *Money*, you know,
“ to a *Fartbing*. This is my Proposal,
“ and I desire you would determine be-
“ tween him and

Your Humble Servant,

Nicholas Talisman.

P. S. To prevent the fruitless Enqui-
ries of the Curious, I assure them that
my *Wand* is not made of that *Wood*
which *Pliny* recommends for that Pur-
pose, from a *Recipe* of an *Egyptian Phi-*
losopher; and that the *Stick* which *Car-*
dan makes such a Noise about, is good
for nothing that I know of, but to
make the *Handle* of a *Coach-whip*. T



Friday,

N° 6. *Friday, April 22.*

*Ut si qui agrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
 Ut cupiat Formosus: eat quacumque, Puellis
 Injiciat curam quarendi singula: quali
 Sit facie, surâ quali, pede, dente, capillo:
 Sic qui promittit, civeis, urbem sibi cura,
 Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
 Omnes Mortales curare, & quarere cogit.* Hor.

TH O' I am but lately set up for an Author, yet I find my self already so considerable as to be enquired after by the curious Part of the World; who have sent me Letters, some to testify their Approbation of my *Censorship*, and some to direct me in the Execution of my Office. These I value as other People do *Honorary Degrees*, or the Testimonials of foreign *Litterati*; and which, according to the manner of the Learned, I shall have Recourse to whenever my Reputation is attack'd by any insolent Modern at Home. They are at present but a *dead Stock*, but the Time may come when they may be a saleable Commodity;

modity; or, as my Friend *Horace* says, they are as a *Sword* at Peace within the *Scabbard*, which it must be either Folly, or Vanity to draw, when there is no Appearance of Danger. A Taste however of their Correspondence, without descending to all Particulars, may not be improper; that my Reader may judge of what Importance it is for a Man to assume a publick Character, and how difficult a Task to discharge it with Safety and Honour.

Not a few of my Correspondents are very inquisitive after my Right and Title to the venerable Name I bear, and imagine it would be a great Satisfaction to my Readers, if I should present them with a *Family Piece*, or, as the *Heralds* term it, a *Genealogical Tree* of my Pedigree; advising me not to forget those *Accidents* which happen in most ancient Families, and which that of the *Johnson's* has been as subject to as any Line since the *Conquest*. One among the rest is exceedingly pleased with the *Luckiness*, as he calls it, of *both my Names*; and blesses himself with a double Figure of *Rhetorick*,———*what? Ben, and Johnson too!* I am obliged to him for the kind Presages he makes upon this Occasion,

sion, but must own that I can't determine whether my *Christian* Name was given me from a *Dream* of my *Mother's*, or with a View of future Profit from a *Rich Benjamin*, who was my *God-father*.

I may perhaps, at an Hour of more Leisure, indulge my own Vanity in answering my Correspondents Desires; and set forth all the remarkable Passages belonging to our *House* and *Name*, which I believe may prove an agreeable Entertainment: And to satisfy Female Curiosity, I shall not omit mentioning a *Nostrum* of my *Great Aunt's* for the Preservation of Chastity, after the *Sixty Fifth Year*, which I look upon to be as valuable a Discovery, as any lately made by the *Virtuosi* of this *Island*.

A Second Packet of Letters directed to my Printer, are filled with Conjectures about my proper Person; and such reasonable Enquiries as, *who I am, where I live, and what particular Profession I follow*. One is sure he has seen me a Thousand Times, but can't say positively where; Another takes me for that *unaccountable Fellow* who talks to every Body in all the publick *Coffee-Houses*, and yet no Body knows his Name. I must own that I take as much Pleasure in
reading

reading over these Enquiries, as a *Coquet* in a *Mask* does with the Description of the Charms of her Face, and the Importunity of the Gallant to reveal her self; resolving, with her, to hold the *Bead* fast in my *Mouth*, and allow the World to see no more of me than what they can discover from my Air and Dress. I over-heard a Fellow in a *Coffee-house* upon reading one of my Papers cry out, *Well done, Dick!* Which put the Company upon asking his Meaning, and then he declared he had known me for Twenty Years, drank with me in a Hundred Places, and so went on giving an Account of the Life and Character of *One* whom I have not the Honour to be related to. However, the *Spark* was believ'd, and every *One* then was so *modest* as to say, that they thought the same, but did not care for speaking of it first.

These are a *Species* of Mankind that I can easily laugh at, and divert my self with their Impertinence and Credulity; but there is a *Third* sort that gives me no little Pain. These are the *Party-Men*, who notwithstanding my Declaration to the contrary, are continually soliciting me to enter into the Disputes of *Whig* and

and *Tory*, and pressing me into the *Service* of their respective Sides. I have many a Score of Letters to this Purpose, all subscrib'd, either with *Miso*, or *Philo*, with an additional Substantive that declares their Opinions more directly than all they say in their Letters. One tells me, *Now is the Time*, and his Opposite, that the *Time may come*; some are pleased to hint, *That there are such things as Places*, and some cheer me up with Philosophical Sentences, as *Virtue is its own Reward*, and such notable Discoveries: A Third charges me with a *Series of Arguments*, a Fourth attacks me with *Matter of Fact*, and a Fifth, who mistrusts his own Reason, sends me *Six-penny-worth of printed Conviction*, not doubting but upon the Perusal I must be a *Convert* to his Opinion. Others pretend to predict strange things from the common Accidents and Operations of Nature, advising me to fall in with that Side, which *Heaven* seems to declare for; every one taking upon him to interpret the Skies in his own Favour.

I shall wave answering the Demands of these Gentlemen, and only, in Respect of the last, give them the Opinion of a far better Judge than my self, which I
would

would have my Readers take fasting, an Hour before the *Eclipse* begins.

“ I have omitted, says Sir *William Temple* in his History of *William the Conqueror*, “ the Accounts and Remarks
“ wherein some Writers have busied
“ their Pens of strange Comets, Inclemencies of Seasons, raging Diseases,
“ or deplorable Fires, that are said to
“ have happen’d in this Age, and Kingdom; and are represented by some
“ as a Judgment of God upon this King’s
“ Reign: Because I rather esteem them
“ Accidents of Fate or Chance, such as
“ happen in one part or other of the
“ World, perhaps in every Age, at some
“ certain Periods of Time, or from
“ some Influence of Stars, or by the
“ conspiring of some natural or casual
“ Circumstance; and neither argue the
“ Virtues or Vices of Princes, nor serve
“ for Example, or Instruction to Posterity, which are the great Ends of History, and ought to be the chief Care
“ of all Historians. T

Monday,

N^o 7. *Monday, April 25.*

Τῶν πάντων ἡ κάκιστον ἐν ἀνθρώποις, θάνατος τε
 καὶ πᾶσι νόσων ἐστὶ πονερότατον,
 Παιδας ἐπὶ θρήνοις, καὶ ἀρρώγια πάντα ὀδύχαις,
 Χρήματα δ' ἐγκαταθήης, πύλλ' ἀνιερὰ παθῶν,
 Τὸν πατέρ' ἐχθαίρουσι, καταρῶν δ' ὀσπλέει,
 καὶ συγγένος ὡς περ πτωχὸν ἐπερχόμενον. Theogn.

AS I profess'd, at my first setting
 out, to have a particular Regard to
 the Stage, I shall (whenever dispos'd to
Criticisms of this kind) consider it with
 Relation to the Merits or Defaults of
 the *Pieces* perform'd, or *Persons* per-
 forming them. By which Method I
 shall have it in my Power, to entertain
 the Town with the Beauties or Defects
 in *Writing*, as well as the Graces or Im-
 perfections in *Action*.

I consider *Tragedy* and *Comedy* as Two
 Opposite Glasses, in which Mankind may
 see the true Figures they make in every
 important or trifling Circumstance of
 Life: Indeed they must look with im-
 partial Eyes to profit by the Reflections
 given, or they can never be Judges of
 the

the Charms or Inelegancies that make up their Composition: If they will be purposely blind or negligent, their *Passions*, like their *Habits*, will hang undecently on them, however often they may frequent the *Theatre*. The peculiar Province of *Tragedy* is to refine our Souls, to purge us of those Passions that hurry us into Misfortunes, and correct those Vices that make us incur the Wrath of Heaven, and Condemnation of our Fellow-Creatures. The Influences of *Comedy* are of a lighter Nature; her Aim being only to divest us of Follies and Impertinences, which may sometimes make us obnoxious to *Odium*, but often render us Objects of *Ridicule*. As the Task of the former is much the Nobler, as well as of most Consequence in Life, I shall for the Generality make my Observations on this Part of *practicable Poetry*.

My Purpose at present is the Examination of a *Tragedy* of *Shakespear's*, which, with all its Defects and Irregularities, has still touch'd me with the strongest Compassion, as well in my Study, as on the Stage: I mean that, which bears the Style of the True and Ancient *History* of *King Lear*. I intend not to charge it with those Errors, which all this Author's Plays

Plays lie under, thro' his being unacquainted with the *Rules* of *Aristotle*, and the *Tragedies* of the *Ancients*; but to view it on the beautiful Side, to remark the Propriety of *Lear's* Character, how well it is supported throughout all the Scenes, and what Spirit and Elegance reigns in the Language and Sentiments.

For the Satisfaction of my *Female* Readers, and that my *Criticisms* may descend to them with more Pleasure and Familiarity, I will draw up an Abstract of the real Story of this *Tragedy* as it stands in our Old *British* History.

Above a Thousand Years before the Invasion and Conquest of *England* by the *Normans*, Reign'd *Lear*, who had only Three Daughters, and no Male Issue. After a long and laudable Possession of the Realm, failing thro' Age, he determines to bestow his Daughters, and so among them to divide his Kingdom. Yet first to try which of them lov'd him best, (a Tryal that might have made him, says *Milton*, had he known as wisely how to try, as he seem'd to know how much the trying behov'd him;) he resolves a simple Resolution, to ask them solemnly in Order; and which of them should profess largest, her to believe. *Gonorill*,
the

the Eldest, apprehending too well her Father's Weakness, answers with Protestations, *That she lov'd him above her Soul.* The Old King, over-joy'd that she so highly honour'd his declin'd Age, gave her to Wife to the *Duke of Albany*, and with her a Third Part of his Realm. The Success of *Gonorill's* short Compliment was ample Instruction to *Regan*, the Second Daughter, what to say. She spares no Protestations to her Reply, and with Vehemence of Phrase assures him, that *she lov'd him above all Creatures*; and so receives an equal Reward with her Sister. *Cordeilla* the Youngest, (or *Cordelia*, as our Poet calls her,) tho' hitherto a Darling with her Father, and tho' in humouring his Infirmary she foresaw the Advantage of a few smooth Words, and knew the Danger and Loss of plain Dealing, moves not from the solid Purpose of a sincere and virtuous Answer: *Father*, says she, *my Love towards you is as my Duty bids; what should a Father seek, what can a Child promise more? They, who pretend beyond this, flatter.* The Old Man, wishing her to recal these Words, and express her Affection with more Complaisance, could not prevail with her to forego her

D

Sincerity;

Sincerity; but, exasperated with the Plainness of her Speech, discarded her at once from his Bosom, and any Share in his Love or Dominions. The double Charms of her Virtue and Beauty made so strong Impressions on the Heart of a *Prince* in *Gaul*, to whose Bed her Father had once destin'd her, that, nothing alter'd from the Loss of her Dowry, he courts her Consent to become his Wife, and gladly receives her to his Arms in such manner as she was sent him. *Lear*, more and more drooping with Years, became an easie Prey to his Daughters and their Husbands: Who now by daily Encroachments had seiz'd the whole Kingdom into their Hands; and the Old King is put to sojourn with his Eldest Daughter, attended only by *Threescore* Knights: Which Retinue soon grudg'd at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual Guests, is reduc'd to *Thirty*. Not brooking that Affront, the Old King betakes him to his Second Daughter; but there also Discord soon arising between the Servants of differing Masters in one Family, *Five* only are suffer'd to attend him. Then back again he returns to the Other; hoping that She, his Eldest, could not but have more Pity on his
Grey.

Grey Hairs; but she now refuses even to admit him, unless he be content with *One* only of his Followers. The distress'd Old *Monarch*, stung with the Disobedience and Ingratitude of his favour'd Children, began to reflect severely on the Rashness of his Conduct, the Misapplication of his Bounty, and his Wrongs to the tender *Cordelia*. The Confirmation of her Words in their ungenerous Usage, teaches him a Lesson he should earlier have learnt: Now might be seen the difference between the silent or downright-spoken Affection of some Children to their Parents, and the talkative Obsequiousness of Others: While the hope of Inheritance overacts them, and on the Tongue's End enlarges their Duty. *Lear*, to complain of his dishonest Treatment, confesses the Errors his Age had run him into, and comfort his afflicted Heart with the Wisdom of *Cordelia*, takes his Journey to her into *France*. She out of meer Love, without the Suspicion of expected Reward, at the Message only of her Father in Distress, pours out a Flood of true filial Tears, sends her trusted Servants to convey him to the Court, and furnishes him with Attendance and State, suitable to

his Dignity, and Regal Character. The Generous *Prince*, who had made *Cordelia* his Wife, without any Dowry more than the Riches of her Person, surrenders to his Royal Guest, during his Abode there, the Power and Disposal of his whole Dominion: permitting his Wife to go with an Army, and reinstate her injur'd Father on his Throne: In which Expedition her Piety was so successful, that she vanquish'd her unnatural *Sisters*, with their *Dukes*; and *Lear* again for Three Years obtain'd the Sovereignty. To whom dying, *Cordelia*, with all Regal Solemnities, gave Burial in the Town of *Leicester*, which was formerly founded by him.

This Story has taken up so much Room in the present Paper, that I must refer my Remarks on the Play to my *Next* on this Subject, which I intend on this Day Se'nnight. Then I will Examine how *Shakespear*, by Incidents naturally arising out of his Fable, has encreas'd the Distress of the History, wherein he has kept up to the Tenor of it, and how artfully he has preserv'd the Character of *Lear*, and given him Language and Manners conformable to his recorded Conduct and Infirmities.

Wednesday,

N^o 8. *Wednesday, April 27.*

Malus enim Custos Diuturnitatis metus: contraque benevolentia fidelis est, vel ad Perpetuitatem. Cic.

IT was an excellent good Position, in one Sect of the Heathen Philosophers, that determin'd *Man* a *Sociable Creature*, and born for the *Common Good* of his *Kind*. It will be much easier for Me to censure the Degeneracy of the World, and rail at this Maxim's being grown so generally out of Fashion, than to think of working up a fallen Age into this commendable *Stoicism*; of extinguishing that *Narrowness of Mind* which creeps through the whole *Species*, and of restoring them to *Virtue* and *Humanity*. Would every one look on himself as a Member of Community, as design'd by Nature to shoot out into good Offices; this spreading Depravity would soon be check'd, and Reason prevail to make us subservient to all the Noble Ends of our Creation. How ma-

ny sinking Families would be rais'd from Ruin, if every one, that was blest'd with a Superfluity of Fortune, would know himself bound in Honour and Religion to assist the Indigent? But when Men are once a sliding, we are more forward to hurry them down the Hill of Adversity, than offer our Endeavours to break the Fall.

This Corruption of Principles, has split its Adherents into Two Extremes. The one Faction consider themselves born only for themselves; the Other look on all the rest of the World born for Them. The first Class is compos'd of *Churls* and *Misers*; the latter is made up of the *Arrogant* and *Tyrannick*. Both Vices owe their Original to Weakness; but the Consequences of the latter are of the greater Fatality. For when Power is unluckily lodg'd in the Hands of those, who think they *may* put every thing in Action that they *can*, and, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe; the World becomes the Prey of their ungovern'd Appetites, and Cruelty and Persecution are the Rules of their Dominion

Yet to consider the Fears and Disquietudes that have been the Portions of Tyrants in all Ages, and how few have descended

descended to the Shades by a *dry Death*, as *Juvenal* terms it, it is amazing that so many have infested the Earth, strove hard to climb to guilty Empire, and, when mounted, have given a Loose to Rage and Inclemency. What *rational* Man would chuse to put himself in the Circumstances of Affluence and Supremacy, amidst which he could neither love, nor be belov'd by any One? Yet such is the Life of Tyrants, says *Cicero*; they cannot build on Allegiance, Affection or Fidelity; can contract no Friendships; but are curs'd with Power attended with Suspicions, and eternal Anxieties. For who can love him, whom he fears; or him, by whom he conceives himself fear'd? For those who would owe their Establishment to Fear, must of necessity dread the very Persons whom they put under such Apprehensions. What a Life had *Dionysius*, what Terrors and Torments must have perplex'd his Mind, when he stood in fear of his Barber's Razor, and was forc'd to shave himself with hot Embers! What Satisfaction could *Alexander* the *Phœan* taste, when he held the Consort whom he lov'd in Suspicion; when his Guards attended him nightly with drawn

Swords into his Bed-Chamber, and ransack'd all her Chests and Cabinets, least a Weapon should be hid in any of them to his Destruction!

I was naturally led into this Tract of Thought, by the Perusal of a Favourite Greek Author, whose *Epistles* have been handed down to Posterity under the Name of *Phalaris*. That he was the cruellest of Tyrants is as generally known, as that a Brazen Bull was the Engine of his Barbarities. It appears that *Demoteles*, probably a Subject of Condition, had counsell'd this inhumane Man to set the Land free, and resign his Power: To which the Tyrant has reply'd with such Spirit and Reasoning, that I have taken the Pains to translate his Letter for the Entertainment of such as cannot be entertain'd with it in the Original.

Phalaris to Demoteles.

“**I** Freely pardon your Advice, *Demoteles*; But you, that have never
 “ acted in an Arbitrary way, would
 “ persuade me who am a Tyrant, to
 “ resign the Office by a voluntary Ab-
 “ dication: Yet have not assur'd me of
 “ a single Deity's Protection, in case of
 my

“ my Compliance, but have thought
“ your own Opinion a sufficient Securi-
“ ty to me, even in a Matter of this
“ Consequence: Not considering that
“ there is much greater Hazard in the
“ laying down than Acquisition of such
“ a Government. For as it is much sa-
“ fer for a Man in a private Station not
“ to aim at Supremacy; so it is for a
“ Tyrant in Possession to venture out
“ the Game, rather than throw it up.
“ Upon the whole, we may make the
“ same Remark on this Frame of Govern-
“ ment, as on the General State of Hu-
“ mane Nature. For supposing it pos-
“ sible, and that a Man were to hear
“ before-hand with how many certain
“ Difficulties, and distracting Accidents
“ he should be afflicted through the
“ Course of his Life, he would never
“ on these Terms consent to be born:
“ So were a private Man, who had an
“ Itch of Power, but to have the
“ Plagues and Infelicitities of a Tyrant’s
“ Life recounted to him, he would
“ skreen himself under the Shelter of a
“ calm Privacy, rather than venture out
“ into the Storms of Preheminence.
“ And on these Views, *Demoteles*, I
“ think it much better for a Man never

" to have been born at all; but if he
 " must act a Part in Life, to set down in
 " the private Capacity rather than play
 " the Monarch. For had you but coun-
 " sell'd me before I stept into Power,
 " and shew'd me a Prospect of its Tor-
 " ments and Anxieties, I had eternal-
 " ly renounc'd all Thoughts of Do-
 " minion. But now that, through a
 " Necessity of the Administration, I
 " have incurr'd the *Odium* of the Mul-
 " titude, 'tis not in the Art of Man to
 " perswade, or Power of the King of
 " Gods to prevail on Me to resign my
 " Throne. For I am satisfied, that when
 " I relinquish this Guard, I shall be ex-
 " pos'd to Misery and Indignities, from
 " the exasperated Retaliations of those,
 " on whom I have exercis'd the Ri-
 " gour of my Authority.



Friday,

N^o 9. *Friday, April 29.*

— *Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.*

Hor.

*Ad Actionis Usum atque Laudem maximam
sine dubio partem Vox obtinet, quæ pri-
mum est optanda nobis, deinde quæcunque
erit, ea tuenda.* Tull. de Oratore.

MY Female Cousin, whom I mention'd
in my first Paper as a passionate
Admirer of the Greek Language, and
the great Support of that Tongue and
my self, would fain have her *Breakfast*
out of *Homer* yesterday, on which she
fed with a very hearty Appetite. As the
Greek abounds with a Variety of *Dia-
lects*, so no Author makes use of them
to greater Advantage than this venerable
Father of Poetry; I found my *Cousin*
receiv'd the same Pleasure upon hearing
the beautiful *Rumbling* of an *oïc*, as o-
ther Ladies do from a long *Trill* or *Qua-
ver* of *Margarita*. Tho' I have before
observ'd

observ'd to you that she does not understand a single Word of the *Original*, yet I could not but smile when I took Notice how lucky she was in her Admiration, and the Changes of her Posture and Passions upon proper Occasions; she was flush'd with Anger and Indignation, melted and dyed away with a languishing Softness as the Subject required, humouring every Turn of Sentiment and Stile with great Propriety. How this should come to pass in an ignorant Person I could not easily account, 'till upon Consideration I recollected, that *Homer* commonly conveys the Images he represents to the Soul in Words that bear a near Similitude to the *Ideas*, which help to impress them more forcibly on the Mind; or, as a Modern Author expresses it, the *Sound is still an Eccho to the Sense*. Beside, I my self gave no small Assistance to her Raptures, for it is my way to read every Line with a due Elevation or Depression of Voice, to alter my Key, and vary my Accent in a Manner exactly conformable to the Sentiments of my Author.

But not to talk too much of my self, when my Task was over, I fell into some serious Thoughts about the Powers
of

of Voice, and the shameful Defects of the Arts of *speaking* and *reading* with Propriety.

I remember once to have asked a skillful *Mathematician*, what Proportion he thought the *Dumb* Part of our *Species* bore to those who had a free Use of the Organs of *Speech*; His Reply was, That in Men the Proportion was as *One to Five Thousand*, in Women as *One to an Hundred Thousand*; it being his Observation that the weaker *Sex* are much more rarely *deficient* in the Faculty of *Speech* than the *Male*: I can't tell whether it may proceed from this Reason, that those who have the greatest Propensity to *Talk*, and the strongest Passions to vent by the Mediation of the Tongue, break through their natural Impediments with Ease; as the dumb Son of *Cræsus* spoke upon the seeing the Sword lifted up to destroy his Father. Or perhaps there may be a certain Providential End in it, that as every Creature is furnished with its proper Arms of Defence for Self-Preservation, in which Nature seldom errs, so the weaker *Sex*, whose chief Powers are placed in the Use of this Instrument, most rarely fail in having it perfect. And here

here let me take Notice of one pleasing Remark more, that tho' it sometimes happens the Rules of Nature are transgress'd in other Creatures, as it is no uncommon thing to see a *Bull with Four Horns*, and a *Cock with Two Bills*, yet no One has yet Recorded a *Woman with Two Tongues*.

But setting aside these ludicrous Reflections, We must own, in Justice to the Ladies, that they commonly excel the Men in the Art of Speaking; that they not only utter the Words with more Ease and Fluency, but tune their Voices much more agreeably to the Subject or Sense of what they express. The young Gentlemen who have taken into their Heads to mimick the *Sex* in other things of less Consideration, and adopted half their Fashions, might have a more easie Pardon, if they would but try to imitate their Graces of Speech and Utterance. From the Neglect of improving this Faculty, how many Absurdities do we meet with in every Day's Conversation? Hence it proceeds, that One Man shall ask you how *you do*, with the same Magisterial Air and Accent, as an Officer gives the *Word of Command*; Another shall beg a *Pinch of Snuff*, or enquire

enquire what a *Clock it is*, in the Note and Tone of an expiring Shepherdess. *Dick Dimple* forces a good *natural Base* into the disagreeable *Squawl* of an affected *Treble*. *Jack Lovewell* draws out all his Words in the Form of *Sighing*, and makes a Preparation to melt you to Compassion, but when He is delivered of his Burthen, you can't forbear *Laughing*. There is the gay Mr. *Trimeter* who never opens his Mouth without a *Flight of Winged Words*, as the Poets call them, which are gone past the Recovery of himself, or his Hearers, and still followed by a Second and a Third *Flight*, and you are obliged to him for holding his Tongue, meerly because he is out of Breath. On the contrary, the *insipid* Mr. *Formal* lets fall his Words with so slow a Negligence as if they were not worth picking up; they come like Drops thro' a *Still*, and you have conceived all that he has to say, before he is got into the middle of his first Sentence. From hence, One is always heard with Uneasiness, and the Other without Attention; The first is so far before your Apprehension that you can't overtake him, and it is not worth While to stay 'till the latter comes up to his Meaning.

The

The Faults of *Reading* are not less numerous, than those in common *Speech*; the only Difference is, that a Mistake here does an Injury to the Thoughts of others, whereas the first only affects our own. There is hardly any thing more ungrateful to a Judicious Ear than the Abuse of a fine Sentiment by an unskilful Reader, and on the other Hand it receives a double Grace from the Mouth of one who gives it a proper Turn and *Emphasis*. It is very odd, what some of Mr. *Dryden's* Friends have often reported of him, that there was no Man who read Poetry with a worse Grace than himself, so that a Stranger would have hardly believ'd him the Author of one tolerable good Verse: To be a good Judge and a good Composer of Musick without being able to sing well, is not uncommon; but that comes not at all up to the Instance in Mr. *Dryden*. Some of our best Modern Poets, whom I have the Honour to know, repeat their own Verses with a more nice Propriety and Delicacy, than I think it is possible for any other Person to do; and I will speak it to the Honour of our Family, that, from the immortal *Ben* downwards, we have no

Tra-

Tradition or Notice of one *Johnson* in our *Line*, who was not very happy in his Elocution.

The best way in my Opinion to correct the Vices and Defects of Utterance, to put our Voices into a proper Tone, and give Weight or Air to what we have to say, is to set before us the best Speakers for a Pattern. I do not mean to mimick them, as some of our *Under-Players* do the chief Actors, with a servile Imitation; who, for want of knowing what is just and beautiful, run rather into the Imperfections of the Originals than their Excellencies. The frequenting of the *Theatre* will be a great Assistance to a tolerable Ear, and Judgment; and help, to form a Man into graceful, easy, and pleasing Elocution. I must own, that I was not a little glad to see the chief Parts in the *Tragedy* of the Lady *Jane Grey* so well disposed, and suited to the Actors; I think Mr. *Elrington* deserves a peculiar Commendation, nor do I question but he will come up to the late Mr. *Powel*, in the Parts he shone in to the greatest Advantage. I should have forbore to mention Mr. *Booth*, had not I thought that in the repeating one of the finest Passages
in

in the whole Play, he exceeded himself in every thing I have seen him concern'd in lately. It is where *Guilford* is surpriz'd by *Pembroke* in a deep Meditation, and the First presses him to discover what put him into that Form of Discontent; to which he replies,

*I have a Thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a Thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like populous Towns, disturb'd at dead of
Night,
That mix'd in Darknes bustle to and fro,
As if their Business were to make Confusion.*
T

N° 10. Monday, May 2.

*Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus ;———* Hor.

WHEN I gave you an Abstract of the real History of King *Lear* in my Paper of last Monday, I promis'd on this Day to make some Remarks on the

the Play; to shew how the Poet, by natural Incidents, has heighten'd the Distress of the History; wherein he has kept up to the Tenor of it; and how artfully preserv'd the *Character* and *Manners* of *Lear* throughout his Tragedy.

How far he has kept up to the Tenor of the History, most properly comes first under Consideration; in which the Poet has been just, to great Exactness. He has copied the *Annals*, in the Partition of his Kingdom, and discarding of *Cordelia*; in his alternate Monthly Residence with his two Eldest Daughters, and their ungrateful Returns of his Kindness; in *Cordelia's* marrying into *France*, and her prevailing with her Lord for a sufficient Aid to restore her abus'd Father to his Dominions. Her Forces are successful over those of her two unnatural Sisters; but in some Particulars of the *Catastrophe*, the Poet has given himself a Liberty to be Master of the Story: For *Lear* and *Cordelia* are taken Prisoners, and both lying under Sentence of Death, the latter is hang'd in the Prison, and the former breaks his Heart with the Affliction of it.

I come now to speak of those Incidents, which are struck out of the Story,

ry, and introduc'd as subservient to the *Tragick* Action: To examine their Force and Propriety; I must first consult the Poet's Aim in the Play. He introduces a fond Father, who, almost worn out with Age and Infirmary, is for transferring his Cares on his Children; who disappoint the Trust of his Love, and possess'd of the Staff in their own Hands, contemn and abuse the Affection which bestow'd it. Hence arise two practical Morals; the first a Caution against Rash and Unwary Bounty; the second against the base Returns and Ingratitude of Children to an Aged Parent. The Error of the first is to be painted in such Colours as are adapted to Compassion; the Baseness of the latter set out in such a Light, as is proper to Detestation. To impart a proper Distress to *Lear's* Sufferings, *Shakespear* has given him two Friends, *Kent*, and *Gloucester*; the one is made a disguis'd Companion of his Afflictions, the other loses his Eyes by the Command of the Savage Sisters, only for interceeding with them for a Father, and acting in his Favour: The good old King is, by the Barbarity of his Daughters, forc'd to relinquish their Roof at Night, and in a Storm. Never was a Description

tion wrought up with a more Masterly Hand, than the Poet has here done on the Inclemency of the Season; nor could Pity be well mov'd from a better Incident, than by introducing a poor injur'd old Monarch, bare-headed in the midst of the Tempest, and tortur'd even to Distraction with his Daughters Ingratitude. How exquisitely fine are his Expostulations with the Heavens, that seem to take part against him with his Children, and how artful, yet natural, are his Sentiments on this Occasion!

I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindness;

I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children;

*You owe me no Subscription:—Then let fall
Your horrible Pleasure.—Here I stand your
Slave,*

*A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd Old
Man;*

*But yet I call you servile Ministers,
That will with Two pernicious Daughters
join*

*Your high-engender'd Battles 'gainst a Head
So Old and White as this. O! O! 'tis foul.*

What

What admirable Thoughts of Morality and Instruction has he put in *Lear's* Mouth, on the Growling of the Thunder and Flashes of the Lightning!

——— *Let the Great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our
Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou
Wretch,
Who hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhip'd of Justice. Hide Thee, thou
bloody Hand,
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art Incestuous, &c.*

And afterwards in the following Speech,
*Thou thinkest much that this Contentious
Storm
Invades us to the Skin so, &c.*

Now when the Poet has once work'd up the Minds of his Audience to a full Compassion of the King's Misfortunes, to give a finishing Stroke to that Passion, he makes his Sorrows to have turn'd his Brain: In which Madness, I may venture to say, *Shakespeare* has wrought with such Spirit and so true a Knowledge

ledge of Nature, that he has never yet nor ever will be equall'd in it by any succeeding Poet: It may be worth observing that there is one peculiar Beauty in this Play, which is, that throughout the whole the same Incidents which force us to pity *Lear*, are Incentives to our Hatred against his Daughters.

The two Episodes of *Edgar* and *Edmund* are little dependant on the Fable, (could we pretend to pin down *Shakespeare* to a Regularity of Plot;) but that the Latter is made an Instrument of increasing the Vicious Characters of the Daughters, and the Former is to punish him for the adulterous Passion, as well as his Treachery and Misusage to *Gloucester*; and indeed in the last Instance, the Moral has some Connection to the main Scope of the Play. That the Daughters are propos'd as Examples of Divine Vengeance against unnatural Children, and as Objects of *Odium*, we have the Poet's own Words to demonstrate; for when their dead Bodies are produc'd on the Stage, *Albany* says,

*This Judgement of the Heav'ns, that makes
us tremble,
Touches us not with Pity.—*

As

As to the General Absurdities of *Shakespeare* in this and all his other Tragedies, I have nothing to say; they were owing to his Ignorance of *Mechanical* Rules and the Constitution of his Story, so cannot come under the Lash of Criticism; yet if they did, I could without Regret pardon a Number of them, for being so admirably lost in Excellencies. Yet there is one which without the Knowledge of Rules he might have corrected, and that is in the *Catastrophe* of this Piece: *Cordelia* and *Lear* ought to have surviv'd, as Mr. *Tate* has made them in his Alteration of this Tagedy; Virtue ought to be rewarded, as well as Vice punish'd; but in their Deaths this Moral is broke through: *Shakespeare* has done the same in his *Hamlet*; but permit me to make one Observation in his Defence there; that *Hamlet* having the Blood of his Uncle on his Hands, *Blood will have Blood*, as the Poet has himself express'd it in *Mackbeth*.

I must conclude with some short Remarks on the third thing propos'd, which is the Artful Preservation of *Lear's* Character; had *Shakespeare* read all that *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and the Criticks have wrote on this Score, he could not have wrought

wrought more happily He proposes to represent an Old Man, o'er-gone with Infirmities as well as Years; One who was fond of Flattery and being fair spoken, of a hot and impetuous Temper, and impatient of Controul or Contradiction.

His Fondness of Flattery is sufficiently evidenc'd in the parcelling out his Dominions, and immediate discarding of *Cordelia* for not striking in with this Frailty of his; His Impatience of being contradicted appears in his Wrath to *Kent*, who would have dissuaded him from so rash an Action.

—————*Peace, Kent;*
Come not between the Dragon and his Wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
On her kind Nursery. Hence, and avoid
my Sight;
So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
Her Father's Heart from her.—————

The same Artful Breaking out of his Temper is evident on *Gonorill's* first Affront to him in retrenching the Number of his Followers. There is a Grace that cannot be conceiv'd in the sudden Starts of his Passion, on being controul'd;

E

and

and which best shews it self in forcing
Us to admire it.

Lear. *What, Fifty of my Followers at a Clap?
Within a Fortnight?*

Alban.—*What's the Matter, Sir?*

Lear. *I'll tell thee; — Life and Death! I
am asham'd,
That thou hast Pow'r to shake my Man-
hood thus;
That these hot Tears, which break from
me perforce,
Should make Thee worth them: Blasts
and Fogs upon thee!
Th'untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee! &c.*

I cannot sufficiently admire his Strug-
gles with his Testy Humour, his seem-
ing Desire of restraining it, and the
Force with which it resists his Endea-
vours, and flies out into Rage and Im-
precations; To quote Instances of half
these Beauties, were to copy Speeches
out of every Scene, where *Lear* either
is with his Daughters, or discoursing of
them. The Charms of the *Sentiments*,
and *Diction*, are too numerous to come
under the Observation of a single Paper;
and will better be commended, when
introduc'd occasionally, and least expected.

Wednes-

N^o II. *Wednesday, May 4.*

Ξα. Νὴ τῇ Δία, καὶ μὴ αἰδῆ ἵνομαι φόβου τινός.
 Δι. Πῶς, πῶς εἶ; Ξα. ὅπιθεν. Δι. ἔξ ὀπίθεν νῦν ἴθι.
 Ξα. Ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἐν τῷ πρόθε. Δι. πρόθε νῦν ἴθι.
 Ξα. Καὶ μὴ ὁρῶ, νὴ τῇ Δία, θηέτον μέγα.
 Δι. Ποῖόν τι; Ξα. δεινόν, παντοδαπὸν γένος γίνεσθαι.
 Aristoph. in Ran.

THERE seem to be a certain Sett of unhappy Pre-possessions peculiar to the lower Part of Mankind, which being drawn in with their Milk, and convey'd to them sooner than their Letters, never forsake them even 'till they bend upon the Stick, and pore thro' Spectacles. Such are the Notions of *Fairies*, *Dæmons*, *Speñtres*, the Powers of *natural Magick*; and the Terrors of *Witchcraft*; all which they entertain with a positive Confidence of their being true, and what is worse, make them a Part of Religion it self: so that a Wise Man would find it a Matter of no small Difficulty to cut off this Branch of Superstition from their Minds, without do-

ing an Injury to the Stock they graft it upon, and removing the best Principles of Happiness at the same time with the worst and most fruitful of Miseries. Neither can we say that this Evil is confined to the Under and less polite Part of the World, it has spread from the *Cottage* to the *Farm*, from the *Farm* to the *Squire's Hall*, and, like the imaginary Tortures it represents, tho' it most frequents Scenes of Ruin and Spots of Darkness, yet it sometimes glares in open Day, and haunts the better Breasts of Learning and Education. It is Matter for our Wonder that People of Sense should indulge the Garrulity of Nurses and Servants, which are the Vessels this *Spirit* resides most powerfully in, and suffer them to convey these ridiculous Horrors to their Children, which often take so firm a Possession of their younger Heads, that no future Powers of Reason and Religion are able to banish them; but, like some Hereditary Distempers in the Blood, they may be indeed abated by wholesome Prescriptions, but can never be eradicated; and will certainly break forth anew, when they are most dangerous, at the decline of Age.

I fancy every Man may find a *Bigot* of this Kind within the Circle of his Acquaintance, and, for my own Part, I know too many to be unconcerned at the Growth of a Folly, which creates so much Uneasiness in the Soul, and fills it with Legions of foreign Fears, which have no Foundation in Nature, or Reason. Should a Stranger of sound Sense, or one who had no Notion of the Prevalence of this Evil, be presented with a faithful Catalogue of all the *Believers* in Spirits and Incantations, within the Kingdom of *Great Britain*, he might be inclined to suspect that the greater Part of the Nation were yet unconverted to *Christianity*, and under the Tyranny of a *Pagan Priest-hood*. To give only a few Instances of what has fell within the Compass of my own Observation.

I have frequently had Twenty *Vouchers* at one time for the real Cause of the *Fairies Ring* in a Country Meadow, who have actually seen those diminutive *Beings* tripping in their circular Dance; and would, for my Conviction, have taken their Oaths of it before a *Justice* of the *Peace*. I own that I could not allow my self to accept of this way of

Proof; but they, good People, interpreted that only as if I had been ashamed to recant.

I remember a poor Country-Girl at my Friend *Squire Goslin's*, who suffer'd under the Persecution of these little *Demons* for not cleaning her *Dairy*, as much as Sir *John Falstaff* did by their Substitutes in *Windsor-Park*. The Marks were so visible, and the Truth so undisputed, that I had like to have affronted the whole *Family* only by saying, that I thought the *Impressions* a little too large for the *Hand* of a *Fairy*.

There is a very grave Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who has seen some *Hundreds* of *Spirits*; The Man seems to be in his right Senses, and like the *Mad-man* mention'd by *Horace*, performs every Office of Life with Decency; but when you touch upon this Subject he runs riot, and can't bear the least Contradiction. He is naturally *Phlegmatick*, and when I once asked him with a grave *Face*, after much Attention to his *Stories*, at what Times they generally appear'd to him, his Reply was, *I see them most commonly, after the drinking of Brandy*. This was enough for me, and
I

I beg my Reader not to think it a *Pun*, for it is really *Fact*.

The worthy *Acasto*, who has the true Spirit of Religion, and good Sense, has often related to me his Successes in attacking this superstitious Humour among his Neighbours in the Country. There was, it seems, a *Devil*, or at least a *Spirit* or two who had taken Possession of some of his *Tenants* Houses for many Years; where they took the Privilege of disturbing the Family with all manner of Noises, *ratling of Chains, clattering of Pewter*, and in short *flinging the House* out of the *Window*, as we say, whenever they pleased. They sometimes made Excursions into the adjacent *Common*, and kept their Revels by a *Ditch-side*, or under an *Old Oak*; and were *Demons* of such considerable Figure and Standing, that they were thought too hard for either *Minister* or *Conjurer*. However, my Friend pitying the miserable Credulity of his Neighbours, first dispossessed them of the *Houses*, then pursued them to the *Common*, and at last beat them quite out of the *Parish*. Tho' the People will not be perswaded but that they are lodged in a great *Wood*, about a *Mile* and half Distance from *Acasto's* Seat; and

that they will begin their Incurfions as soon as he leaves the Country. However, my Friend intends to begin his Attack upon the Old *Wood* the first favourable Moon-shine Night, and does not question but he shall compleat his Triumph before the Summer is over. His Method was, to take the Pains to convince them by watching himself at the pretended Seasons of Disturbance, and his Presence so effectually awed their Imaginations, that they started no *Mormo's* while he was with them; and by often repeating the Tryal, and reasoning kindly with them upon the Subject, he worked to the Bottom of the Delusion, and delivered them from all the Monsters of their own Formation.

I was led into these Reflections, by reading a very ridiculous Book lately published: The Title of it is, Mr. *Lilly's* History of his *Life* and *Times*, where that notorious Impostor has put together all the idle Fancies of whimsical or cunning People, under the Notion of an Art, or Science.

The Fellow relates the Cheats of his Profession with the Formality of Truth, and I don't question but that they will pass for such upon the Vulgar, since they

they fall in with their natural Prejudices. And therefore when he says, that *Sarah Skelborn the Speculatrix*, had the best Eyes for the Second Sight that ever he saw, he will certainly be believ'd; because it is a receiv'd Maxim with the Ignorant, that every one has not the Faculty of discerning *Spirits*, and future Contingencies. I should not have taken Notice of this silly *Book*, had not I found that the Tricks of *judicial Astrology* are practis'd at present with great Advantage to their Professors; that many *Ladies* have as high an Opinion of the *Dumb Doctor* as of the *Great Meade*, and that *Partridge* is daily preferr'd to the immortal *Sir Isaac Newton*. T

N^o 12. *Friday, May 6.*

—*Quos Mæcenæ adduxerat Umbras.*

Hor.

AS there are abundance of People who live without any Wit at all, so there are Numbers who may be properly said to live by their Wits; These may be sort'd into many different Clas-

ses, but I shall forbear doing that at present, and only take Notice of one particular Character of this Species of Mortals, which is the *Umbra* whom *Horace* mentions in the Verse I have set at the Head of my Paper.

The *Umbra*, or *Shadow* of a great Man, is one who is always at the side of the Person you may call his *Substance*; He has no Being, Motion, or Will of his own, but exists meerly as a *Shadow* by Reflection from another Body; and as soon as the latter falls, the *Shadow* either vanishes, or is translated to some other *Substance*; on which his Being and Actions have the same Dependance as before. This is the strict Notion of the Word, and as the *Romans* used to apply it: The *Shadow* therefore was a Part of the Equipage of the Man of Figure; when he went to the *Theatre*, tho' a Man of moderate Size, his *Shadow* might lengthen to an Hundred Foot; when to an Entertainment, he might look round the Room, and see scarce any thing but Reflections of his own Person; but if to his Country-Seat, the *Shadow* must necessarily follow; or the *Substance* it self must suffer a considerable Diminution.

Among

Among the *Romans* every one so well understood the Nature of this Creature's Existence, that he claimed as great a Privilege of Admittance to Assemblies, Sports, Feasts and Visits, as the *Lord* himself; and had an indisputable Right to his Share of every Entertainment. Some of these *Umbra's*, by the long Relation they have born to the Body, have taken off good part of the cumbersome Matter, and begun themselves to thicken into *Substance*, and cast short *Shades* of their own; and by Degrees grow into the Bulk and Measure of the *Substance*, from which they at first borrow'd their Essence.

But to forbear going farther upon the *Metaphor*, the Character couched under it is what we every Day see in all great Families. It is not material how the Dependance at first began, whether from distant Relation, casual Discourse, friendly Recommendation, or officious Importunity; sufficient it is, that the *Umbra's* in all Ages have been considerable enough to deserve Observation. They may, as far as I know, put in as fair a Title to a *Sett*, as the *Flatterers*: Of which *Gnatho* in *Terence* very humourously says he would institute a Society, and

and call them, according to the manner of the Philosophers, after his own Name.

The *Shadow* may be defined to be, an obsequious, pliable Animal, who is in constant Waiting on a Person of Eminence, without any fixed Salary; His continual Nearness to the *Patron*, he would recommend himself to, makes those who do not know him, fancy him of some Importance; and he very often gains a Credit with Inferiors which is necessary to support him, before he has made any Impressions upon the Great Man he would be thought to depend upon. He never leaves his Attendance without making a Merit of it, by picking up some favourable News which he is sure will please; or by employing himself in some little unexpected Services, which he hopes will be returned with greater. He is the happiest Creature in the World, when he can approach near enough to whisper, or is called out from a Croud in a *Levee* to be whispered to: A constant Smile dwells upon his Face, and an easy Complacence attends his whole Carriage, 'till he has work'd his Interest to a height sufficient to stand one Frown, and bear up against his Competitors. When he can't enter into the first Com-

pany

pany, you see him bowing to all who come in pretending Business, and he is *very sorry he can't be so happy as to make One with his Grace.* He is always seen thrusting close behind the *Patron* at Court, and receives Respect from all the Inferior Officers about it. In the *Church* he takes care to place himself in the View of the Eye he most regards; and watches the Minute of meeting the last oblique Look, which he improves into the Honour of a Bow. He can repeat a Catalogue of all his *Patron's* Acquaintance, and has enter'd deep enough into their Characters to make them of Service to himself.

A *Shadow* of this Make soon becomes great enough to set up for himself, and has inferior *Umbra's* of his own, who work up by the same Method in their respective Subordinations as he himself used; while he still has the *Direction* of the great Body, and proportions their several *Shades* as he pleases. It has often happened in the Course of Things, that a *Creature* of this sort at last becomes necessary to a great Man; and he can no more quit him, than he can a Part of himself, which by his constant Adherence he may be said to be.

Different

Different from this, there are several other kinds of *Shadows*, or Retainers to the Great; whose Relation commences from a more generous Principle. These are those to whom he is continually stretching the liberal Hand, relieving their Wants, or bettering their Fortune, and enlightning their Obscurity with Rays of Bounty and Munificence. The Business of these *Relatives* is the Returns of Praise and Gratitude, the good Wishes of an overflowing Heart, the kind Remembrances of a faithful Head, and the secret Prayers of a pious Mind. The Noble *Verus* enjoys this Happiness in the highest Measure, tho' he knows the least of it; The Good which he scatters rises up in a plentiful Harvest of Glory; he is honoured in distant Kingdoms, and blessed in Regions that he never saw. By him the Widow's Heart, in the Phrase of the sacred Pages, *sings* with Rapture, the Orphan's Tear is dried, and the Prisoner's Groans are stifled. This indeed is the true and proper Use of Greatness, and makes even popular Applause fair and innocent.

But I must not dwell now upon this Subject, since I have designed a distinct Discourse

Discourse to recommend and shew it in all its Lustre.

The last kind of *Shadow* I shall mention, is, the Man of Learning, Wit, or Humour; who without seeking has worked into the Bosom of the honest *Patriot*, the brave *Leader*, or the generous *Mæcenæ*s. It is the Pleasure of the *Patron* that makes him his Companion in Business, Society, or Retirement; his Meals are insipid without he gives them a Relish, his Conversation wants half its Life and Spirit when he is not there to turn it into the proper Channel; without him the Town is solitary, and the Country it self unpleasing. Of such a *Species* was *Horace* to *Mæcenæ*s, and I think it is not only the best Satyr upon the People of *Rome* for making him a significant Person, a Man of State and Importance, but the finest Raillery upon his *Patron* too; when he says, he was thought a *Favourite* of the first *Statesman*, only because he would now and then take him up in his *Chariot*, carry him to the *Circus*, ask him *what it is a Clock*, and other Trifles of equal Weight and Significancy. For it is certainly true in Nature that a Man of *Mæcenæ*s's Character had rather have the

the most trivial Question in the World answer'd by an *Horace*, than any other Person: As if there could be a greater Charm or Elegance in one Man than another, in a matter where the greatest *Genius* could make but the same Reply as a *Groom*, or a *Foot-man*. T

N^o 13. Monday, May 9.

Multi suam Opinionem Intellectum putaverunt, & erraverunt. Et quidem Opinio potest putari Intellectus; Intellectus Opinio non potest. Unde hoc accidit? Profectò quia hæc falli potest, ille non potest: Aut si falli potuit, Intellectus non fuit sed Opinio. Verus nempe Intellectus, certam habet non modo veritatem, sed & Notitiam Veritatis.

S. Bernard.

I Have received a Letter from a learned but unknown Correspondent, in Answer to my Paper of *Wednesday* last, touching my general Opinion of Apparitions; It is fill'd with Arguments of so nice a kind, and carried on in so particular a Chain of Thought, that, tho'

I

I have no Warrant to give it to the Publick, I will venture to Communicate it as an Entertainment too good to be lost to the World.

Mr. *Censor*,

“ **H**AVING read Yours on the Pre-
“ possessions which take place
“ too frequently in the Minds of the
“ Vulgar, concerning *Fairies, Spectres,*
“ and the Powers of *Natural Magick*;
“ I take the Liberty of joining my Re-
“ marks with you in some Parts of it,
“ and of dissenting from you in Others.
“ I equally accuse all rash Prepossessions
“ and Terrors arising from *Imagination*
“ or *Fallacy*; and am as unwilling that
“ Children should be bred up in an ear-
“ ly Acquaintance and Horror of *Phan-*
“ *toms*: But yet I cannot shake off Su-
“ perstition so far, (if my Belief must
“ come under that Name,) as totally
“ to disallow the Existence of a Spi-
“ rit. I think it is a *Negative* which
“ strikes fully at Religion, and implies
“ a great Improbability of the *Resurre-*
“ *ction*. This Disbelief must necessarily
“ cut off the Authority of many Passa-
“ ges in the *Old Testament*; and the
“ *Sadducees*, who denied a *Resurrection*,
“ main-

“ maintain’d *God* to have a Body, that
“ they might the better deny the Ap-
“ pearance of *Spectres*, or *Immaterial*
“ *Essences*. You’ll pardon me for men-
“ tioning what, I doubt not, but you
“ very well know, that the *Epicureans*
“ had the same Notions of their *Deities*.
“ *Cassius* would have fain perswaded his
“ Friend *Brutus*, that the *Spectre*, which
“ he saw waking of *Julius Cæsar*, was
“ but a false Imagination: And the
“ learned *Rabbi Moses*, in latter Times,
“ has declar’d his Opinion, that all
“ which is read and recorded in the
“ *Sacred Writings* of the Apparition of
“ *Angels*, did come by an Imaginary
“ Vision.

“ These Instances, I confess, seem to
“ the Prejudice of my own Belief, yet
“ do not weaken it. As I am not a
“ *Bigot* to it, so neither am I capable of
“ being an *Advocate* for it; and tho’ I
“ do not require *Ocular* Proof for my
“ own Confirmation, but can content
“ my self with an Implicit Faith of
“ their Existence; yet I am far from
“ coming into the Ten Thousandth
“ Part of the *Legends* recorded in their
“ Favour, and shall only beg leave
“ to continue my Sentiments, and
“ examine

“ examine some Causes, which have
 “ deluded Men into an Imagination of
 “ seeing Apparitions.

“ *Averroes* has stinted his Concessions
 “ in this Matter, he has admitted the
 “ *Appearance* of a *Spectre*, and deny’d
 “ the *Substance*; saying, that a *Spectre* is
 “ only a *Phantom* conceiv’d in the Mind,
 “ and thence convey’d to the Exterior
 “ Senses, by the great Contemplation
 “ of Men who are Melancholy and
 “ given to Speculation; whose Under-
 “ standing, he grants to be sound and
 “ entire; but only the Operation
 “ thereof hurt for a Season. Indeed,
 “ the Imagination of Men being bent
 “ and set upon any thing by earnest
 “ Speculation may alter, and hurt a
 “ little the Operation and Force of the
 “ Mind and Intellectual Faculties; but
 “ not so far as to cause a Man to see
 “ any *Spectres* of a moving and living
 “ Nature. There is a very great Dif-
 “ ference in the Imagination which is
 “ Internal, and the Action of the Sen-
 “ ses which are External: Nevertheless
 “ we must agree to what *Aristotle* says
 “ of Persons sleeping, the Senses then
 “ do seem to move themselves by a lo-
 “ cal Motion of the Humours, and of
 “ the

“ the Blood that descendeth to the Or-
“ gans which are Sensitive; so that be-
“ ing awaken’d, they think they see
“ those very Forms and Images, which
“ they dream’d of. Thus by a false Per-
“ swasion of the Senses, not acting in
“ their full Vigour, many have labour’d
“ under the Fears of Apparitions.

“ But all *Speñtres*, according to *Galen*,
“ are not to be referr’d to the Falsity
“ and Deceit of the Senses and Imagi-
“ nation, or to Melancholy; but many
“ *Phantoms* owe their Rise rather to the
“ Subtilty of the Sight, by which Men
“ have perswaded themselves that they
“ have seen many vain Forms and Ima-
“ ges. Give me leave to produce one
“ Instance of this sort out of *Cardan*;
“ he tells us, that once in *Milan* many
“ were convinc’d that they saw an An-
“ gel in the Clouds, insomuch that the
“ whole City was alarm’d and struck
“ with Fear; till a certain *Civilian*, wi-
“ ser than the Generality, shew’d them
“ that it was not a real *Speñtre* or *Appa-*
“ *rition* of an Angel, which they saw,
“ but that the same proceeded from the
“ Statue of an Angel, which being set
“ on the Top of *St. Goddard’s* Steeple,
“ and giving an Impression to the Clouds,
“ yielded

“ yielded a Reflection to the Eyes of
“ such as had their Sight more sharp
“ and subtile than the rest. The De-
“ lusion of *Pythagoras* was of the same
“ Nature, mentioned by the *Scholiast*
“ on *Aristophanes*, who having writ cer-
“ tain Words in Blood on a *Steel Mir-*
“ *ror*, and plac’d the same directly op-
“ posite to the Face of the Moon, im-
“ pos’d a Wonder thro’ a Secret of Na-
“ ture, by making the Letters legible
“ on her Orb.

“ It is an Old Maxim, that the Truth
“ of every thing is hidden from Us, and
“ that nothing can be comprehended,
“ but that which is false and untrue.
“ This Error probably deriv’d its Source
“ from *Socrates*, who said that all his
“ Knowledge amounted to no more,
“ than that he was sure he knew No-
“ thing. But *Heraclitus* before him
“ said, that Truth was hidden in the
“ bottom of a Pit, whence it was ne-
“ ver to return to Men; and if we have
“ any Knowledge at all, it is not but
“ in a *Shadow*, and by some other
“ Means than by our Senses, or Imagi-
“ native Faculties, both which are easy
“ to be seduc’d and deceiv’d. After
“ these Philosophers came the *Acade-*
“ *micks*;

“ micks; who held that the Senses err’d,
“ but that, by the Intelligence, Truth
“ might be discover’d.

“ I believe that *Speñtres* and *Appari-*
“ *tions* have lost their Credit much, by
“ certain uncommon things in Nature
“ appearing Prodigious, and affecting
“ us with equal Terrors as if we had
“ seen *Spirits* or *Phantoms*; with which
“ seeming Super-natural Effects when
“ we are once acquainted, we begin to
“ laugh at our own Fears, and con-
“ clude there can nothing happen so
“ strange that it ought to surprize Us:
“ There is an Instance of this extraor-
“ dinary kind, which I remember to
“ have read in *Pliny the Younger*, touch-
“ ing the Lakes of *Cecubo*, *Reate*, and
“ *Bassanello*; These Lakes have many
“ Islands, which float and move up and
“ down with the Wind, no otherwise
“ than as a Ship tofs’d to and fro by the
“ Waves of the Sea. Now would not
“ Persons that were to behold this Flu-
“ ctuation of Islands, and were not pre-
“ possess’d that it was a work of Na-
“ ture, entertain strange Apprehensions
“ in their Fantasies, and believe they
“ saw something very Prodigious and
“ Terrible? Nor is the Subsequent one
“ in

“ in *Plutarch* of a different Stamp :
“ When *Sylla* entred *Italy* with his Ar-
“ my, says He, there were seen Two
“ Clouds or Vapours, having the form
“ of *Goats* fighting one against another,
“ near a Mount in *Campania* ; which
“ Vapours gradually rising from the
“ Earth , and dissipating, vanished
“ away, not without the great Asto-
“ nishment of *Sylla* and his Army. Now
“ the Terrors arising from these un-
“ common Incidents, are deriv’d not
“ from a Delusion of *Sight*, but *Opi-*
“ *nion*.

“ *Plato* has often confounded the *I-*
“ *magination* and *Opinion* together ; but
“ *Aristotle* has not always join’d them,
“ because the Imagination is as an Im-
“ pression ; and as it were, the Track
“ and Footstep of the Sense, and not a
“ determinate Sentence or Resolution
“ of the Opinion and of the Sense.
“ The *Epicureans* seem to give a very
“ good Resolution upon this Point, in
“ that they confound in One the *Opi-*
“ *nion* and the Imagination, and affirm
“ that both the One and the Other
“ may be True or False. But that our
“ *persevering Opinion* (which they call
“ τὸ πρῶσμένον :) is not deceiv’d. I
“ had

“ had intended to say something of *Op-*
 “ *ticks* on this Subject; but I find I
 “ have both digress’d, and been imper-
 “ tinent with too great a Scope:
 “ Therefore shall conclude with the
 “ Sentiments of St. *Bernard* prefix’d to
 “ my Letter; which are, that *many*
 “ *have deem’d their Opinion an Intellect,*
 “ *and have been deceiv’d; And indeed the*
 “ *Opinion may well be call’d the Intellect,*
 “ *but the Intellect cannot be term’d the Opini-*
 “ *on? And what is the Reason? why, because*
 “ *the Opinion may be deceiv’d, but the*
 “ *Intelligence cannot; or if it could, it were*
 “ *not an Intelligence but an Opinion.*
 “ *For the true Intellect hath in it self,*
 “ *not only a certain Truth, but also a know-*
 “ *ledge of the Truth.* Excuse the Liber-
 “ ty of this long Epistle from,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant

Philaethes.



Wednesday,

N^o 14. *Wednesday, May 11.*

*Nulla manere diù, neq; vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ Potoribus, — Hor.*

IT is a common Observation among good Companions that, *such a One is excellent Company, or the wittiest Man living, after the Second Bottle*; Others have their Recommendation commence later, and are reckoned as *absent Persons* till the Fourth or Fifth *Flask* brings them into *Company*, where they exert themselves with great Sprightliness, and soon outshine the rest of the *Table*. As One, who has been kept with a severe Hand from the Use of a plentiful Fortune, as soon as that Restraint is removed, runs into greater Lengths of Extravagance than those who have always had a sufficient Share of Wealth; so these *Sparks* who come late to the Exercise of their Wit, lay about them with greater Vigour, and squander it away more profusely, than those who have been used to husband a regular Compe-
F tency.

tency. It is the greatest Pleasure of *Dick Sly* to observe the Motions of *Ned Flasker's* Parts, which he takes care to quicken by whispering his Neighbour to fill about briskly; for *Ned*, says he, is coming into a *Vein of Mirth*, and don't let us slip the Opportunity of seeing him display himself for the Want of a Critical Bumper. The Glass moves, *Ned* catches the first Subject that offers, and diverts the whole Company for the next Two Hours.

There are other *Topers* whose *Wit* partly depends upon the Wine, and partly upon their Time of meeting. Some, what Quantity soever they drink, can't be Merry till the Clock is turned of Twelve; and Others, who have sat in a sort of Lethargy all Night are roused into an Air of extreme Gaiety, by a thundering Bounce at the *Tavern-door*, and the exhilarating Voice of *past Two a Clock*. The Morning *Watch-man* has the same Effects upon the Parts of these People, as the liberal Glass has upon others; their Senses, that seem'd to have been fled, rally at the Call of the *Staff*, and they seldom leave the Field without a complete Victory. Wine, is said, to be a great Betrayer of Secrets, and in no Case more apparently than in this, that

that you may keep Company with some Men of reserved Tempers for the Space of many Years, without ever suspecting that they have *any thing in them*, and after a hearty Bottle discover them to be *Wits*.

Such are the Obligations one Sex has to the Powers of this Juice, and the Fashion of our Country does not permit us to know whether it might not have the same Effect upon Female Understandings. However, I can't help taking notice of an Observation I lately heard in Company with some Ladies; they were talking very civil things as they usually do of their absent Acquaintance; when One of them said that, *Lady Harriot the other Day was mighty Satyrical after the Tenth Dish of Tea, and that Miss Betty, whom she had ever looked upon as a pretty Piece of uninform'd Machinery, or a Mute Puppet, after drinking Three Dishes more spoke like an Angel; and rallied even Lady Harriot with such a Spirit and Delicacy, that she was the Admiration of the whole Company.*

When I left them, I fell into a Variety of Reflections upon this Speech; trying if I could resolve it into some natural Cause or Reason. I began to con-

consider that the Animal Spirits in the softer Sex might be of a finer and more delicate Texture, than those in the Male Part of our Species; and therefore did not require such spirituous Liquors to exalt them as ours do, but received that brisk and lively Turn which disposes the Brain to Mirth and Wit from more gentle and temperate Vapours. I was confirmed in my Notion by considering the different Operations of Wines upon different Constitutions among our own Sex; The *Middle* Part of Mankind are not to be excited to their Gaeties but by the *Strength of Port*, over which a *Beau* would languish with the *Head-Ach*; The Polite and Elegant are obliged to the *French Vineyards* for all their Humour, and the robust *Sailor* scorns to be moved to his rough Gallantries by any Liquor that has not suffered a *Distillation*.

But of all the Tribe of *Wine-bibbers* none are more indebted to the *Grape*, and none have been more grateful to their Benefactor, than the *Poets*. *Horace*, who was himself a great Lover of his Glass, insinuates by way of Excuse, that it was impossible to be a good *Poet* without it, and lays it down as a Maxim

Maxim that the Works of a *Water-drinker* must be as Poor and Spiritless as the Element that inspired them, and no less subject to Corruption in a small Space of Time. Whereas the Productions of a Brain moderately warmed with nobler Juices, like the Children of Lewdness, would prove Strong, and Vigorous, and survive all the Puny Off-springs of a regular Sobriety.

The Merry Bard, in the *Epistle* I have quoted, seems to defend his Custom by what a Modern might call an *Hereditary Right* to drinking; which he thinks the Poetical Fraternity may claim from the Father and Founder of the Art, tho' he shews a little Modesty in the Point, and does not support his *Title* by saying, as some would have done, that *Homer drank himself blind*: However, like a true Advocate for the Cause, he proceeds, and if it be not plain in the Case of his *Greek* Ancestor, his *Latin* one *Ennius* is a full and compleat Authority, and *Horace* as a Descendant from him, asserts his *Right* to the Glass as incontestable. The first he leaves as a disputable Case, not without a hint that it might be proved from his *Favourite* Character of *Nestor*, who had a particular Kindness for

Old *Wine*, and old *Stories*, or as a Modern says,

[to praise
The Sage, who warm with Wine began
His Fellow-warriors, and his Youthful
Days.]

That my Reader may see, our *English Poets* have used the same Privilege with as good Success, I shall present him with a few short Memorandums of my great Ancestor *Ben Johnson*, which have been preserved with great Care in our Family.

Mem. I laid the Plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a Present of Ten Dozen of *Palm Sack*, from my very good Lord T—r; That Play I am positive will last to Posterity, and be acted when, I and Envy are Friends, with Applause.

Mem. The first Speech in my *Cataline*, spoken by *Scylla's Ghost*, was writ after I parted from my Boys at the *Devil-Tavern*; I had drunk well that Night, and had brave Notions. There is one Scene in that Play which I think is Flat;

Flat; I resolve to mix no more Water with my Wine.

Mem. Upon the Twentieth of *May*, the *King*, Heaven reward him, sent me one Hundred Pounds; I went often to the *Devil* about that Time, and wrote my *Alchymist* before I had spent Fifty Pounds of it.

Mem. At *Christmas* my Lord B—— took me with him into the Country; There was great Plenty of excellent *Claret-wine*, a new *Character* offered it self to me here, upon which I wrote my *Silent Woman*. My Lord smiled, and made me a noble Present upon reading the first *Act* to him, ordering at the same time a good Quantity of the *Wine* to be sent to *London* with me when I went, and it lasted me till my Work was finished.

Mem. The *Tale of a Tub*, the *Devil* is an *Affs*, and some others of low Comedy, were written by poor *Ben Johnson*. I remember that

I did not succeed in any one Composition for a whole Winter; it was that Winter *honest Ralph* the Drawer *died*, and when I and my *Boys* drank bad Wine at the *Devil*.

I think that these *Memorandums* of the immortal *Ben* are sufficient to justify the Opinion of *Horace*, and I do assure my Reader that they are faithfully transcribed from the Original. T

N^o 15. *Friday, May 13.*

*Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi justa Chiragra
Contudit articulos; qui pro se tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, Mercede diurna
Conductum pavit* ————— Hor.

THE most different Actions, such as those which relate to Virtue, or Vice, have the same Effect upon the Actor from the force of Usage and Custom: And the repeated Returns of Piety or Debauchery equally affect the Saint and the Sinner. Nature which was at first, excepting the original Taint, fair, and

and sincere, or as Mr. *Lock* says, a *blank Sheet of Paper* capable of receiving any Characters at the Pleasure of the Writer, soon is either blurred over with Impertinence, fouled with Impurity, or improved and dignified with Impressions of Honour, Virtue and Morality. If an evil and perverse Hand draws out the first Lines, it is probable that the same will be continued to the End; or if any Interpolations should be made by a better Hand, they will be so visible that a common Critick in Life will easily find them out, and discover that they are not of a piece with the whole. On the contrary, when the Characters are fair at the beginning, they mend upon you as you proceed, and, Page after Page, improve in their Beauties. I will not pursue the *Metaphor* too far, but observe the End of my Design, which is to shew the Power of Habits, and Customs; and how impossible it is to get the better of a Predominant Vice, when you have long indulged the Practice of it.

A constant Circle of the same thing is generally reckoned the most tedious unsatisfying Part of Life, and yet I know not by what Fatality it happens, we still beat the Round without reflecting that

we are in it, and dance our selves giddy as it were before we perceive that we are in that very Tract we have often condemn'd. The Man, who rises with a Nauseousness of his own Follies, starts out to the same Scene again, forgets his Resolutions, is lost in the common Maze, and returns with an additional Sum to his Account, which is never regarded or thought of till the Game is played over again, and his present Losses give some Notion of those that are past. I have often thought how an idle or vicious Person would be startled at the reading a Catalogue of his own Actions *de die in diem*, and how considerable the Alterations would appear, when the account of a Year ran on only with such material differences as going to the *Opera* instead of the *Play*, visiting *Betty* instead of *Jenny*, dining at the *Rose* for the *Devil*, and going to *Greenwich* instead of *Hampstead*, or *Epsom*. And yet what a numerous Company of Creatures, that are called Rational; may be fairly included in such an Account; how many Pieces of human Machinery move with so small a Variety of Springs! My great Ancestor *Ben Johnson* has touched this Subject with a
just

just Liveliness of Thought and Expression in his *Discoveries*; *What a deal of cold Business*, says he, *do Men mispend the better part of Life in, in scattering Complements, tending Visits, gathering and venting News, following Feasts and Plays, making a little Winter-Love in a dark Corner.*

I know nothing that shews the Weakness of human Nature more, or renders a Man more contemptible in the Eye of Reason, than his being under the Dominion of an evil Habit, and lying at the Mercy of some Master-Vice. The Wretch in this Condition forfeits his Understanding, gives up the Freedom of his Will, and either walks in Leading-strings, or is forced along like a Brute by a severe Director, whose Burthen he not only carries, but suffers the Scourge at the same Time. The worst of it is, that the longer the Misery endures, the more insensible the Sufferer grows: and what at first was submitted to with Pain and Reluctance, sits light and easy at last, and they have no Notion that any State of Life can be more happy than their own. Custom has reconciled a *Gally-Slave* to his Oar, that the Offers of Liberty it self have been refused; and habitual Vice

Vice has had the same Effect on the Sinner, who has learnt a false Patience under the Length of his Captivity, and begins to hug the Chain with Pleasure that he once dragged with Uneasiness.

But of all the Adventurers for Unhappiness, none seem more strange and unaccountable, than those who continue their Passion for their Vices, when the Powers of committing them are past and extinguished. There may be an Excuse for him who loves fine Dishes and rich Wine, while his Appetite is good and his Palate quick and nice: But for the Man who hath lost his Taste, to chuse to feed upon an *Ortolan* rather than a joint of *Mutton*, is a piece of Luxury that wants a Name. When the Substance which is the Pleasure of the Vicious is departed, this *Ghost* or *Phantom* of their own Imaginations arises, and haunts them in the same manner as the Vice it self. It is observable that these People take Pains to transfer their Follies from one Sense to another, and try to keep that alive in the Eye, which is dead to the Touch; to preserve that in the Fancy which cannot be conveyed thro' the Ear; and so make up a sort of artificial Wickedness out of the Ruins of Nature.

Nature. The impotent *Clodius* keeps his Wenches still, and the disabled *Milo* seeks the Company of all the young Debauchees in Town; feasting himself with Repetition of the same Madness which he himself was guilty of twenty Years before. *Sempronia* can't bear the Gallantries of a Lover, and therefore writes *Letters* every Day to her self in Praise of the Charms her Grand-Children might have been now in Possession of, had she employ'd her own Right.

I could not help running into this Vein of Thought, from a Letter I lately received from an invalid Gamester; which is a lively Picture of this *Species* of Wretches, and goes beyond the *Motto* which I have chosen from *Horace* upon one of the same Fraternity.

Venerable Censor,

“ I Am now of that Order of Men
“ I called *Gamesters*, tho' I was once
“ reckoned a fine Gentleman, and a Man
“ of Worth, Honour, and a good Estate. I fell to play about fifty Years
“ ago, and have been in love with the *dear*
“ *Dice* ever since. To tell you I have play'd
“ when I have been sick of a Fever, or
“ lost two thousand Pounds when I
“ could

“ could neither stir *Hand*, nor *Foot* with
 “ the *Gout*, may seem ridiculous, but is cer-
 “ tainly true. I don’t know how it comes
 “ to pass that I who have been ridicu-
 “ led for above twenty Years, should
 “ have as strong a Passion for what has
 “ ruin’d me, as I had in the Days of
 “ my better Fortune. I go, Day after
 “ Day, without a Penny in my Pocket,
 “ to the *Table*, and never think of eat-
 “ ing or drinking for seven Hours to-
 “ gether: While the *Box* is rattling, I
 “ feel in my self all the same Passions as
 “ if it were my own Money upon every
 “ *Cast*, am in Rapture at a *Run* of *Nicks*,
 “ and in Dumps at the dismal *Outs*.
 “ Pray, Sir, take my Case into your
 “ Consideration, and oblige

Yours,

Ame’s Acc.

My Correspondent’s Case is indeed
 very deplorable, and I shall give him
 some Advice at a convenient Season; in
 the mean time, my *Ancestour*, whom I have
 before quoted, shall inform him of the
 Badness of his Condition. “ It is a
 “ dangerous thing, when Men’s Minds
 “ come

N^o 16. *The CENSOR.* III

“ come to sojourn with their Affecti-
 “ ons, and their Diseases eat into their
 “ Strength: That when too much De-
 “ fire and Greediness of Vice have made
 “ the Body or Fortune unfit, or unpro-
 “ fitable, it is yet gladdened with the
 “ Sight and Spectacle of it in Others:
 “ and for want of Ability to be an *Astor*,
 “ is content to be a *Witness*. T

N^o 16. *Monday, May 16.*

*O incurabil piaga, che nel petto
 D'un Amator sì facile s'imprime,
 Non men per falso, che per ver sospetto,
 Piaga, che l'huomo crudelmente opprime,
 Che la ragion gli offosca, e l'intelletto,
 E lo tra fuor de le sembianze preme,
 O iniqua Gelosia!* —————

Ariost. in Orì: Fur.

I Have receiv'd a Letter from a fair
 Correspondent, who begs my Ad-
 vice in a Point, on which the whole
 Happiness or Misfortunes of her After-
 Life may possibly depend: And as I can-
 not be too friendly in lending my Assi-
 stance in such a Case, so I think my self
 bound

bound to interpose my Censures on that unreasonable Passion, which has caused the Disquiet complain'd of in her Letter.

Venerable Censor,

“ HAVE Compassion on a Virgin
“ who is beset with Difficulties
“ that require your Counsel as well as
“ Pity: You must know, I lie under
“ the Circumstances of Courtship; the
“ Person, who addresses me, has Parts
“ as well as Fortune to recommend him
“ to my Affection; I am assur'd he
“ loves me with the greatest Tenderneſs;
“ and as all his Professions have been
“ strictly honourable, I need not blush
“ to declare I have received his Passion
“ with an Air of Satisfaction: But
“ what Happiness can I propose even
“ in the Possession of this Man, whose
“ Engagements are such as I could not
“ wish for greater in an Husband?
“ What Fears must not I form to my
“ self, what Disquietudes presume will
“ be my Portion? For, Oh! Mr. Cen-
“ sor, his Jealousie is intollerable. It
“ breaks upon him in the State of an
“ humble Lover, and subjects me to a
“ Tyrant before he has a Right of gi-
“ ving

“ving me these Vexations. If I but
“falter in my Discourse, or make a
“Reserve of a single Word, it alarms
“his Suspicions, and is certain to throw
“him into a Gloom, ’till my Meaning
“is explain’d with Circumstances: If
“I am silent, he fancies my Thoughts
“bent on a Rival: If I do but play my
“Fan in Publick, he imagines every
“Motion attended with a Glance that
“bespeaks Dishonour; and in short, let
“me Frown, Smile, or Blush, he will
“interpret every Change of Counte-
“nance, either to my Dislike of his
“Company, or a secret Wish of being
“better entertain’d elsewhere. Advise
“me, Dear *Censor*, what to do in this
“nice Affair: Can I venture to take
“the Man I love, and not dread the
“Consequences of such a Temper? Is
“there a Cure in Nature, or a Secret
“in Art and Conduct, to redeem him
“from the Misfortune of ungrounded
“Suspicions? Or can he not love me
“with the same Fervour, and be less
“fearful of my betraying him? I shall
“rest much on your Sentiments; and
“thought my self in particular obliged
“to chuse you my Director, because
“he has told me, he wonders, as *Cen-*
“*for,*

“ *for*, you do not take into your Considera-
 “ tion the Freedoms the Ladies think
 “ they may take with their Reputati-
 “ ons. I am

S I R,

Your distress'd Admirer,
and Servant,
 Clarinda.

The Passion of Jealousy has been sufficiently defin'd by my Predecessors in *Essay*; and it would be no difficult Matter to find it presented in two distinct and different Lights. Some Authors have labour'd to make it Excusable, by deriving its Birth from an Extremity of Love; while Others have determin'd it a Jaundice of the Mind, which from its own vitiated Humours makes every Object appear foul. I cannot touch the Case of *Clarinda* with too tender a Regard; she confesses she is not insensible of her Lover's Merit, and would marry him, did she not fear the Surrendry of her Person would heighten his Tyranny, and make him insult on his Encrease of Power.

All I can do to serve the Fair One, is
 to give my Sentiments of this Passion;
 and

and if his Reason and good Sense, seconding my Opinion, can help to reclaim him, I shall be pleas'd at having been instrumental in both their Happiness. I am so far from regarding Jealousy as the high Pulse of Passion, or thinking that Love cannot subsist in its full Strength without it, that I conceive it an Infirmary arising from a Poorness of Spirit. That which is *Distrust* in the Breast in point of *Commerce*, is *Jealousy* in point of *Love*: Now to suppose a Man *must* defraud me, because he *may*, is a Suspicion low and ungenerous; and is giving him a Sort of Right to use me as ill, as I conceiv'd he meant to do. So, to suspect a Woman will be careless of her Honour, because she has a Power of playing false with me, is not only encouraging a base Fear, but carries with it a tacit Confession of my own Want of Merit.

I grant the fair Sex cannot be too circumspect in their Conduct; Calumny is a busy Fiend that pries into all their Actions, and is pleas'd to represent 'em to their Disadvantage. The Comments of a censorious Age cannot be restrain'd; but ill-natur'd Observation will take hold of Levities, that never proceeded from.

from intentional Guilt. But then the Man that sees my Actions, and is convinc'd of their Innocence, ought to laugh at the Censures of Malice; and rather heighten his good Opinion of my Virtue, by perceiving the general Injustice of Defamation.

To know I am wrong'd in my Honour, and over-look it, is an Argument of Stupidity. Every Man owes himself the Justice of resenting an open Injury; but to proceed on Surmise and Suspensions, is servile and ignoble. It is searching out a Means of making one's self unhappy; harbouring Snakes in one's Bosom, that will certainly wake to Rage, and dart their Stings into the very Soul of our Quiet: Would any one but coolly reflect on half the Torments and Anxieties which attend on Jealousy, he would never allow it a Place in his Breast. The Plagues and Consequences of this Passion are so exquisitely describ'd in *Shakespear's Othello*, that this Play may serve as a compleat Common-place Book of Cautions against entertaining rash Suspensions

As I never see the Rage of the *Moor*, when he is once work'd up by the Villany of *Jago*, without the greatest Pity; so

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I am as strongly pleas'd to observe the Art of the Poet, with what a curious Happiness he has trac'd this Passion, what little Baits he has laid to feed *Othello's* Suspicion, and what Sentiments of Resentment he has fir'd him with, at every new Suggestion of being injur'd. His very Resolution against Jealousy speaks him prepar'd for Doubts, and bent to sift the Truth.

*Think'st thou I'd make a Life of Jealousy;
To follow still the Changes of the Moon
With fresh Suspicions? No: To be once in
doubt,*

*Is to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
To such exufflicate and blow'd Surmises,
Matching the Inference. 'Tis not to make
me jealous,*

*To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves
Company,*

*Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances:
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.*

*Nor from my own weak Merits will I draw
The smallest Fear, or Doubt of her Revolt;
For she had Eyes, and chose Me: No, Jago,
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt,
prove;*

*And on the Proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love or Jealousy.*

This

This Speech is on the first Insinuations of *Jago*, to work him to a Conception of *Desdemona's* Disloyalty; his Starts of Passion, as his Suspicions strengthen, are equally lively; and shew how easily a Man may be seduc'd who lends a free Ear to Detraction, and forms his Belief to every Surmise; how wretched his distrustful Temper makes him, and to what Extremities he is driven to revenge himself for the suppos'd Injury.

N° 17. *Wednesday, May 18.*

Cavendum est, nè Assentatoribus pat efaciamus Aures, nec adulari nos sinamus: in quo falli facile est. Tales enim nos esse putamus, ut jure laudemur: Ex quo nascuntur innumerabilia peccata, cum homines inflati opinionibus turpiter irridentur, & in maximis versantur Erroribus. Cic.

MY Discourse upon the *Shadow* has produc'd a Desire in some of my Readers, that I would touch upon another

other Character of some Affinity to the *Umbra*, which is the *Flatterer*. A Subject so common in the Observation of Mankind, and so frequently handled by good Authors, is not easy to be treated of without falling into the same Tract of Thought, and a Likeness of Colour and Description with other People; however, I shall try if I can't fling together some loose Remarks upon this Head, without borrowing too much from my Neighbours.

I think, it was *Erasmus* who first observed that *Friendship* was founded upon *Self-love*, that a Man liked another for resembling himself in the Qualities of his Mind, the Humour of his Actions, or the Tendency of his Inclinations, which is no more, says he, than *loving himself in a second Person*. Thus the Man converses as it were with a *Mirroure* which reflects his own Image, and gives him a pleasing *Idea* of himself.

If this Principle be true, as I see no Reason why it is not, the Foundation of *Flattery* and its Distinction from *Friendship* is easily discovered.

The *Flatterer* goes upon the same Grounds of *Self-love*, as the *Friend*. The Difference is, the *Friend* finds his Companion

panion of the same Sentiments with his own, from Genius, Reason, or Education; the *Flatterer* moulds himself into the Form of the Person he flatters; the first is pleas'd with Nature as he meets it, the latter works out of Nature, grafting upon his own Mind whatever he perceives has taken Root in that of his *Patron*.

The *Friend* holds a faithful Glass, and represents the Image agreeable to the Substance with all its Beauties and Imperfections; the *Flatterer* leaves out all that is deformed, or paints it over so as to make it invisible; and, to make Amends, flings in a Stock of foreign Charms, and Colours, to make the Figure more amiable. In short, two *Friends* are two distinct *Originals* that bear a Similitude to each other, and have much the same Air, Features, and Lineaments; the *Flatterer* is a servile *Copy*, imitated well enough to give some Pleasure to an undistinguishing Eye, and Judgment.

It is a Maxim with the Writers upon this Head, that the *Proud*, and the *Powerful* are most capable of being imposed upon by this *Vice*. If they mean that they are the properest Objects for a cunning Man to chuse for his Game, the

the Truth of it is evident, but the *Seeds* of the Disease are in Nature it self, and all Mankind have a Share of the Taint; Wealth and Power are indeed the most inviting Views for the *Flatterer*, but not the only Causes why a Man is *flattered*.

To tell what a particular Turn of Mind a Man must have in order to become capable of being the Object of *Flattery*, is easy. For as soon as ever a Man is willing to receive favourably *more* than he knows, from a fair Survey of his own Qualities, he deserves; then the Bias leans too much towards himself, and from that Minute artfully improved, is he capable of being imposed upon. When we begin to prefer the Opinion of Others to our own, we give into a Deceit which may be fatal; *Pride* and *Arrogance* ensue, till we actually imagine our selves in Possession of what we have been often told we have; and think it can proceed from nothing but Envy in any, who pretend to lessen the false Estimate we have been taught to make of our selves.

The *Flatterer* therefore lies in wait to discover the weak Side of Nature before he applies his Engines, the Time and Pains are mis-spent 'till he is assur'd

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of

of a Friend within to betray the Fort to him; as soon as that is done he gains Ground daily, intercepts the Reliefs of Reason and Advice, or represents them as Enemies, and then the Conquest grows cheap and easy.

There is no greater Variety in any thing than in the Art of pleasing, and a Man must please before he can deceive: From hence proceeds the difference of these *Creatures* whose Business it is to suit their Talents to the Size and Measure of the Parts of their *Property*; which must be a Study of a wide Compass in the General, as comprehending all the Differences of human Understanding.

Some are mean Daubers in the Art, and lay on their Paint so thick, and with so ill a Judgment, that it offends at first View; and yet they find *Fools* enough to be pleased with their own Picture, tho' drawn by never so injudicious a Hand. Positive and direct Expressions of Praise, a kind of affected Bluntness, must be used to those whose Heads are Proof against delicate Touches and fine Strokes; the Man's Senses must be stormed by Violence, when there is no Hopes
of

of taking them by Surprise and Stratagem.

The *Flatterer* as he moves in a higher Sphere, manages with a suitable Air and Address; well knowing that the Person who would be offended at a Draught of himself from a paultry Performer, would be still pleased with an agreeable Likeness from the Pencil of a *Kneller*. He knows the Times and critical Minutes of pleasing, and not only chuses his *Incense* with Judgement, but considers whether his *Idol* be in a Humour to receive it.

Against such an artificial Fencer, there seems to be no Security, and the greatest Happiness is to come off with the slightest Wound. The most morose Temper, and the finest Sense have been foil'd by this Weapon, there being no Guard against it but Flight. *Shakespear* has given us an exquisite Stroke of this kind, in the Character *Decius* gives of his own Management of *Julius Caesar*.

————— *If he be so resolv'd,*
I can o'ersway him: For he loves to hear
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with
Holes,

*Lyons with Toils, and Men with Flatterers:
But when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work,
For I can give his Humour the true Bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.*

I forbear going farther upon so common a Theme, but can't in good Manners leave my Reader without an Antidote against this powerful Poison.

The best Preservative against *Flattery* is, an impartial Scrutiny of our selves; and since none can be competent Judges of our own Abilities, Powers and Understandings, but our own Hearts, we are to prefer the Account *that* gives of our Strength to any foreign Reports. The Old Verse of the *Satyr*ist is a short, but excellent Rule in this Case.

Plus aliis de Te, quam Tu tibi credere noli:

A Man to raise in himself a just Scorn of *Flattery*, might make use of that very *Pride*, which leads Others to believe, and so turn the Instrument of his Ruin into his Security: For let him consider, that if he takes the Bait, it is plain that the Odds of Understanding are on the
Flatterer's

Flatterer's Side; and he suffers a Cheat to pass upon himself, and, in short, is blinded for no other Purpose, but to have his Pocket picked with the greater Ease and Convenience. T

N^o 18. *Friday, May 20.*

Πάντα τότε καὶ νῦν διαμείβεσθαι τὰ ζῶα εἰς ἀλλή-
λα. νῦν καὶ ἀνοίας ἀποβολὴ καὶ κτήσει μεταβαλ-
λόμεθα. Plat. in Timæo.

*Utque novis facilis signatur Cera figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,
Sed tamen Ipsa eadem est; Animam sic semper
eandem*

Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
Ov. Met.

AS my principal Diversion in Read-
ing, is, a strict Conversation with
the best Old Classics, *Virgil* was the
Choice of my last Night's Study. In
Authors of this Sort where I am sure
to be entertain'd in every Page, my Cu-
stom is to take my Chance for the Sub-
ject, and begin my Amusement where
the Book first opens. I had the good
Fortune to pitch on that noble Pas-
sage,

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sage, where this divine Poet has treated of the Transmigration of Souls, according to the Doctrine first started by *Pythagoras*, and afterwards copied from him by *Socrates* and *Plato*. The Description is of so fine a Texture and so elegantly wrought up, that I was tempted to try whether it might not please, disrob'd of the Charms even of *Virgil's* Versification.

Aeneas, at the Request of his Dead Father who appear'd to him in the Night, with the Direction of *Deiphobe* the Priestess of *Apollo*, takes a Progress to the Infernal Shades. Descending, he is by *Charon* wafted over the River *Acheron*, on whose Banks whole Drovers of Ghosts waited to be transported; and thence passes on thro' the Mansions of the Distress'd, and takes a Survey of the Realms of Torture. Departing from those Resorts of Horror and Pollution, he purifies himself by a sprinkling of Water, and arrives at the *Elysian Fields*. Here he is delighted with an ample Prospect of Bliss, sees all the Predecessors and Heroes of his Race, and by the Poet *Museus* is conducted in search of his Sire.

The

The good Old *Anchises's* Spirit was employ'd in a verdant Valley, on the View and Contemplation of those Souls, that were to set forth for the Upper Regions; and, by Intuition, fore-reading their Fortunes, Manners and Atchievements. In this *Réverie* he is interrupted by the Approach of his Son *Æneas*; and lifting up his Hands and shedding Tears of Exstasy, he bursts into Expressions of Satisfaction at his Arrival, and Commendation of his Piety: When *Æneas* had with equal Symptoms of Pleasure repaid his Father's Tenderness, he calls his Eyes on the secluded Groves and *Vissos* which had before engaged the Thoughts of *Anchises*. Surpriz'd at the Number of Shades which glided about in those Recesses, and at the slow creeping of *Lethe's* Flood, he enquires into the Meaning; when *Anchises* inform'd him, that all those were Souls to whom other Bodies were due by Fate, and which must drink of the Stream of *Lethe*, to imbibe an Oblivion of all Transactions in their Pre-existence. *Æneas* is again amazed to think that any Souls should have so strong a Passion for Life, as to leave those Residences of Tranquility, and be fond of the Incumbrance

of Flesh and Mortality; but his Sire, to relieve him from that Suspence, begins to unravel the Process of Destiny, and reasons of their Transmigration in the following manner.

Understand then, first, that there is an Internal Spirit which feeds and cherishes the whole Universe, the Firmament, the Earth, and Waters, the shining Globes of the Sun and Moon, and all the spangled Lights of Heaven; that there is a Mind, infused tho' the Parts, which actuates the whole Mass of Matter, and mingles it self with the System of the World: Hence the Species of Men and Beasts, the Fowls of the Air, and the Fishes of the Sea, derive their Life and Motion; there reigns such a Divine Original and fiery Vigour in these Souls, as cannot be dull'd or depress'd by the Dross of Matter, an Earthly Substance, or Abode of Mortality. From this Conjunction are the Springs and Fluctuations of Passion. Hence do our Fears and Desires, our Griefs and Transports arise and struggle: And the Essences, pent up in the blind Prison of the Body, cannot look back to their Celestial Fountain. Nor when a Separation is made by Death, are they

they absolutely free from Misery, or discharg'd from the Stains contracted by the Union with the Body: For it cannot be but many Habits, which have for a Season been growing together, should work themselves into the Texture and Constitution; therefore do the Souls go thro' Purgations for the Offences done in their State of Nature; some are spread out to bleach in the Air, others immerg'd in vast Gulphs of Water, and others purified by the Force of Fire. We all submit to our several Infections; thence are we allowed to range in wide *Elysium*, and a few of us made Inhabitants of the blissful Meads: when a certain tedious Revolution of Time has effac'd the Marks of our contracted Pollution, and restor'd our Ætherial and fiery Essence to its Original Purity. These Souls, when they have run the Circle of a Thousand Years in Bliss, are call'd forth in Numbers to the Flood of *Lethe*; that drinking thereof they may mount to the Upper Regions without Recollection, and begin to desire a Return into New Bodies.

Having run thro' this System of Transmigration, I was invited to look over what *Ovid* has made *Pythagoras* say on

the same Head: The Philosopher begins with a Prohibition of eating Flesh, as conceiving whenever we devour'd *that* of an Animal, we prey'd on the Substance of our Fellow-Creature: He endeavours to remove our Apprehensions of Death, and disarm us of the Terrors of Futurity, the *Stygian* Lake, and gloomy Regions, as Fictions of the Poets, and imaginary Horrors; for that the Soul, as soon as it quits its Habitation, is instantly receiv'd and informs fresh Matter; that all things are chang'd, and nothing annihilated; that the Spirit glides out of Brutes into Human Bodies, and is again transfus'd into the Bestial Substance, even as the Night and Day succeed each other, or the Vicissitudes of the Seasons come round. That the very Elements are not permanent in one Form, but rise out of, and are resolv'd into each other; the Earth, resolving, rarifies into Water; that *Fluid*, still becoming more fine, melts into Air; and that Air, growing yet more subtle, kindles into Fire. So the Fire thickning passes into Air, the Air condensed dissolves into Water, and the Water exchanging its Fluidity for Grossness thickens into Earth.

By

By this I had satisfy'd my Curiosity of Reading, and address'd my self to some Meditations on the Lecture: I began to consider these Notions of the *Pagans*, as distant and imperfect Views of Divinity, which Faith and our Christian Religion have set in a nearer and more evident Point of Light. Their Transformation of Bodies, and Arguments against Annihilation of Matter, plainly imply the Immortality of the Soul, and lay a fair Foundation for a Resurrection: Now as they seem to meet our Belief in these Particulars, so do that Sect of *Christians*, who espouse the Notion of a *Millennium*, nearly Copy the Tradition of *Virgil*, that the Immaculate Souls shall wander a thousand Years in the Beatitudes of *Elysium*. As I still grew more deeply engag'd in these Contemplations, and one *Idea* crowded upon another, I fell insensibly into a Slumber which dress'd up a Dream, whose Oddity must have grown out of the Impressions of what I had read.

Methoughts, I was set down to Supper, and extending my Arm over to the Salt-cellar, I perceiv'd the Salt which I had taken to vibrate and dance like Quick-silver,

silver, on the Point of my Knife: While I was surpriz'd at the Accident, I heard a Voice, in a small shrill Tone, call out for a *Microscope*! My Amazement made me comply with the *Mandate*, and fetching my Glass, I perceiv'd the scatter'd Particles of Salt to be like so many Miniatures of an Human *Fætus*. As I continu'd to survey them, they seem'd to unite, and swell into the Proportion of what we fancy a *Pigmy*. Immediately the incorporated Figure in a hoarser Cadence address'd me thus; If thou would'st consider, O Son of Mortality, to what painful Revolutions thy Flesh will be obnoxious, thou wouldst have Compassion on that of thy Fellow-Creature, and protect it from a future Series of Tortures. I was once like Thee, a Man of Significancy, but murder'd by Villains and buried in a Meadow; scarce was my Frame dissolv'd by Putrefaction, and I had fatt'd the Worms of the Soil, but the Field of my Interment was inclosed and converted into a Garden, the Earth turn'd up, and the Vermine, my **Remains** had made rich, were Food for the Birds; I lay six Hours in the Bowels of a Cock-Sparrow, and thence by the Voracity of a Cat was remov'd
into

into larger Quarters: That Cat for some Mischief was kill'd and thrown out on a Dunghil; where, in Process of Time, I sprang up in a Mush-room; I was plucked thence, clap'd into Pickle, and sent a long way for a Present in an Earthen Vehicle; The Person that eat me, traversing the Fields, was press'd by some Occasions, and so let me drop into a *Worcester-shire* Salt-pit; my Saline Particles insinuated themselves with the Nature of the Place, and grew of a Piece with it; after this Transformation, I was dug up, hurried about from Place to Place, and to conclude my History, *per tot Discrimina rerum*, am become the Inhabitant of your Salt-cellar.

This fantastical Narration from a *Corn of Salt* or Two, set me into such an immoderate Fit of Laughter, that it rous'd me from my Slumber; and put me in Mind of *Hamlet's* Disquisition with *Horatio*, about *Alexander's* Dust stopping a Beer-barrel. The Passage is of so particular a Strain and so modern to my Dream, that I shall beg leave to close this Paper with a Quotation of it.

Ham. *To what base Uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not Imagination*

gination trace the Noble Dust of Alexander, 'till he find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander dy'd; Alexander was buried; Alexander returned into Dust; the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Clay, and why with that Clay (where-to he was converted) might they not stop a Beer-Barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away:
O, that that Earth, which kept the World
in awe,
Should patch a Wall t' expel the Winter's
Flaw!



Monday,

N^o 19. *Monday, May 23.*

*Arbitror enim Ego Musæi Stylum longè
esse Homérico politiorē atque compti-
orem. Quod ut clariùs pateat, aliquot
Versus adducere coactus sum. Nam
quemadmodum omnes sunt incomparabiles,
solique è Græcanicis Virgilio digni, ità
Nonnulli aded compositi, ut ab ejus Gen-
tis nullo alio, quam à Musæo, dici potu-
isse videantur.*

Scalig. Poetic.

From my own Apartment. May 21.

HAVING declar'd in my first Paper,
that I should look with a severe
Eye on the Labours of my Contempo-
raries, I was this Morning attended by
a young Gentleman, who has endea-
vour'd to oblige the Town with some
Productions of his own as well as Trans-
lations from a learned Language. He
told me with an Air, that confess a Dis-
fidence of my Approbation, that he had
lately spent some Hours on translating
the *Hero* and *Leander* from the Greek
of

of *Musæus*; but that he durst not thrust it into the World, till I should give him my general Thoughts of the Project, and permit him to submit the Merit of his Manuscript to my private Censure. I told him that the Poem had already been done by a very good Hand; but that I believ'd, it was not impossible for a Translation to come nearer yet to the Spirit of the Original, and touch the Graces with a more elegant Tenderness: That, if he would leave his Papers, they should be very safe in my Custody, and whenever he requir'd my Opinion of his Performance, I should be ready to give it with a Sincerity, that becomes the Character of my Person and Office. As to my general Thoughts of the Project, that I would take the first opportunity of Leisure, to let the Publick partake them with him.

The distressful Love of *Hero* and *Leander* is a Subject which most of my Polite Female Readers are acquainted with, as well from the Representation of it in *May* and *Bartholomew* Fairs, as from the Versions of *Ovid's* soft *Epistle*, or this more artful History of *Musæus*: If my present Remarks run a little out of the Sphere of their Comprehension, they

they must forgive me the *Pedantry*, and consider them as *Critical* Directions to an *Author*, who is like to entertain them with something more *Feeling* and *Intelligible*.

I have always read this small Remain of *Musæus*, with Pleasure enough to consider it the Product of that *Antique Greek*, however his Title to it has been of late disputed. There has reign'd a Spirit of Detraction for some Years in the World, which has labour'd to strip the *Ancients* of their Honours, on purpose to adorn some more *Modern* Brow. I cannot conceive that this springs from a fair and generous Emulation; but that finding themselves unable to come up to the Strokes of Antiquity, as *Chronologers* often do to gain a Point, they draw down Authors to their own Dates, to prove that all Merit in Writing was not confin'd to the *Æra's* of *Paganism*.

The Poet *Musæus*, according to the Account of *Eusebius*, was the Scholar of *Orpheus*, and flourish'd about the Time when *Tola* and *Jair* were Judges over *Israel*. If this Poem then be the *Genuin* Work of that *Bard*, its Date preceeds the *Destruction* of *Troy*, and is considerably more *early* than the Poetry
of

of *Homer*. Our Countryman, the great Mr. *Lloyd*, with some others, has disputed its Authority; and thinks nothing is plainer than that the Author of this Piece liv'd after the *Cæsars*, and even below the *Fourth Age of Christianity*. For Proof he advances, that in some old Books it is ascrib'd to *Museus the Grammarian*. It is not my Design to enter into a Controversy of this Matter; but I freely declare, that till I am convinc'd the *Idiom* of the *Greek* is more recent, than what was wrote in that Age, I shall be always proud to pay the Compliment of this fine Piece to *Museus*.

It is an Observation of my Lord Orery's, in his Answer to Dr *Bentley's* Dissertation on *Phalaris*, That the best Greek Writers had generally Skill in Musick; which was infus'd into them from their Infancy, and none were reckon'd well-bred that wanted it. This made their Ear just and fine; and the Fineness of their Ear easily slid into their Tongue, modell'd their Speech, and made it tuneable. I dare say, every one that is a Judge of Poetry will look on this as a Composition of such a Master of Numbers, and be forced to acknowledge more Harmony in it,

it, than ever yet a *Grammarian* was guilty of.

Indeed he has touch'd the Theme of Love with that Delicacy, as if a *Museus* had only supply'd the Greek, but an *Addison* indited the *Sentiments*. A Translator, that would hope a more than ordinary Success from an Original embellish'd with such Ornaments of Diction, and Beauties of that exquisite Softness, must be very Curious as well as Happy in his Expressions. It is not an indolent Versification, or the Knack of making his Numbers barely musical, will serve his Turn : To reach the Spirit of this Author, he must be, in a manner, daring as *Pindar*, and tender as *Tibullus*; he must search out all the Beauties of his Language, and make them *breathe the Soul of Love*.

I shall conceive no small Hopes from his Performance, who can come off with Applause from the following Verses in the Beginning of the Poem.

Λύχρον ἔ-ῃ αἶγυαλμα, τὸν ὀφείλει αἰδέειθαι
 ζεῦς

Ἐννύχιον μετ' ἀεθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὀμήγειν ἄστρον,
 Καί μιν ἐπικλῆσαι νυμφόσολον ἄστρον ἐρώτων.

What

What Majesty, what Tenderneſs, and Choice of Words are mix'd in theſe Verſes! I could quote a great many more that equal them in Harmony, but that it would be eſteem'd but copying from *Scaliger*. The digreſſional Remarks of *Musæus*, thro' the whole, are exactly drawn from Nature, and introduc'd with Propriety above Commendation. His Deſcription of *Hero's* Beauty has a Delicacy which is better to be conceiv'd than expreſs'd: And That of the Storm, in which *Leander* is drown'd, gives ſo horrid an Image of a tempeſtuous Sea, that it almoſt convinces the Reader that it is poſſible to paint a *Sound*.

I dare not be more extenſive in the commending this Poem, without incurring an Imputation of too much Partiality to my own Judgment.

Tom's Coffee-houſe in Devereux Court.

Looking over the Prints, I found an Adverſement which gave Notice of the Revival of a Comedy-call'd the *Country-wiſe*, as on *Wednesday* laſt. My Reſpect for the ingenious Author of this Play, made me enquire what Audience it had; and I was informed that the *Pit*
and

and *Gallery* were but thin, and that the whole Range of the *Boxes* was grac'd with but a *Pair of Ladies*. I cannot attribute this to a more than ordinary Modesty of that Sex, or their Fear of being shock'd at some Indecencies of Language, since I have observ'd them croud to *Epsom-wells*, and other Comedies of that *free Stamp*. But I must take Notice, that the Gentlemen, under whose Direction the *Play-house* is at present, make too free with the Reputation of their Authors, by reviving their Plays at a Season when the *Theatre* is but a gentle sort of *Bagnio*, and the Company may more properly be said to be *sweated* than *diverted*.

N^o 20. *Wednesday, May 25.*

*Das aliquid Famæ, quæ carmine gratior
aurem*

Occupat humanam? ——— Hor.

I Know nothing which is more dangerous than the Misapplication of *Wit*; and as it may have many fatal Consequences upon my Readers, so I
am

am concern'd, by Vertue of my *Censorial* Power, to bring it under due Regulations. A Man of a fine Genius and lively Imagination is always working his Ideas into an agreeable Form, either for his own Amusement, or the Entertainment of others; and if he is of a vicious Turn of Mind, all the Dresses he cloaths his Thoughts in will be formed upon that Ground-work, and stained with the Tincture of his Vices. The Mind, as it happens to be affected, produces either *Beauties* or *Monsters*, which are so many Patterns of its own Degeneracy or Perfection.

About Half a Century ago this rank Plant began to flourish among us, and by the Encouragement of a Series of gay Seasons took so deep Root, that I am afraid we shall hardly ever be able to remove it. To whose Infamy the planting of it is owing may be uncertain, but many careful Hands were employed in cherishing and promoting its Growths; and the Men of Parts and Wit were not the most idle Labourers in this Harvest. What Improvements or Mixtures it has received from later Hands, how it has been blended with Profaneness, or interwoven with Politics,

ticks, shall not be my Business to enquire. But I cannot but lament that it seems at present to shoot up again with Vigour, and tempts the Hand of a better Authority than mine to correct its Luxuriancy. The very *Titles* of some modern Pieces of this kind of *Wit* are enough to shock a Man of any Reason or Religion; and tho' they may find Readers enough, yet all Men of *Geni-
us* are concerned to despise such infamous Attempts to please, or they themselves may be reckoned Partakers of the Folly they approve.

As there are Abundance of these dirty Papers thrust into the World meerly from the Impudence of their respective Scribes, so there are as many good Pieces suppressed only by the Modesty of the Performers. For my own Part, I have engaged in the Defence of Learning joined with Religion, and Wit made more agreeable by Virtue; and I shall give my Reader a Proof of my own Resolution, by obliging him with the following Copy of Verses. They were writ to a young Gentleman of Condition soon after his leaving the University.

Oxford,

Oxford, May 10, 1713.

“ *Dear Charles*, the Scene is shifted
now, and You,

“ Freed from the *Schools*, sublimer
Thoughts pursue;

“ With decent Art, and comely Pra-
ctice shew,

“ What others only can pretend to
know;

“ May duller Souls to Reputation
climb

“ By learning how to quibble out
their Time;

“ They fight, where, if they cou’d a
Conquest gain,

“ The useless Triumph were not worth
the Pain!

“ For what do all their Arguments avail,

“ But just to shew that neither can
prevail?

“ They pass thro’ Ways with Thorns
and Briars curst,

“ And are at last no nearer than at first.

“ He, who pretends the highest Pitch
to fly,

“ Has no more Certainty than You, or I;

“ And

- “ And were his Thirst of Vanity but
less,
“ With equal Freedom wou’d the
same confess.
“ Grant that he had some Notion of
the Soul,
“ But does he, Sir, yet comprehend
the Whole?
“ If so, then purge our Eyes from
dark’ning Mists,
“ And tell us what she is, and how
subsists;
“ How does she *wander*, yet to Place
confin’d,
“ Clear the *contain’d*, and yet *containing*
Mind?
“ When Nature’s Hand the Vital Knot
unties,
“ Resolve me, Chymist, where the
Spirit flies;
“ Does she to secret Caves in Earth re-
pair,
“ Or range at Liberty in liquid Air?
“ How is she alter’d, or is still the same
“ As when her Pow’rs inform’d this
fleeing Frame?
“ Had latter *Sages*, less with Learn-
ing fraught,
“ Had the great *Stagwite*’s fantastic
Thought;

H

“ And,

- “ And, when they could not ev’ry
 Cause explain,
 “ With Water cool’d the raging of
 their Brain:
 “ While *Folly* thus had sacrific’d to *Pride*,
 “ What Heaps of unborn Mysteries had
 dy’d?
 “ And where could, Madmen chuse
 more proper Graves,
 “ Than, what resembl’d ’em, their Fel-
 low-Waves?

 “ Could we in Thoughts, as we in
 Matter see,
 “ How Parts here differ, and how there
 agree;
 “ As then in Mixtures of unequal kind
 “ We odd agreeable Confusions find;
 “ So could we thus inspect the *Sage’s*
 Head,
 “ And see what Crouds of Folly there
 are bred;
 “ What a strange Chaos would divert
 the Sight?
 “ Here mighty *Occam* and *Dun Scotus*
 fight?
 “ There lie hard *Questions* ready to rebel,
 “ And here *Distinctions*, in a secret Cell;
 “ *Cartesius’* Whirligigs one Corner hold,
 “ Oppos’d by furious *Hot, Moist, Dry,*
 and *Cold*;

“ In

" In dark Obscurity *Privation* lies,
 " And would reach *Entity*, but dares not
 rise;
 " *Matter* and *Form* a Thousand Gam-
 bols play,
 " As Novel scenes arise, and Old decay.

" This strange Anatomy could we
 survey,
 " Then *Congreve* need not write, nor
Dogget play;
 " The *Greshamites* might sell their Trin-
 kets, and be gone,
 " The *Puppet-show* it-self would be un-
 done.

" Think not that I for ign'rant Dark-
 ness plead,
 " For I too hope we may be wise, and
 read;
 " And yet I never can those Fools ad-
 mire,
 " Who think they're wise, because they
 cannot tire.
 I would prefer a neat well-furnish'd
 Home,
 " To the vast Lumber of an Antique
 Dome;

H 2

" 'Tis

- " 'Tis true, there's Stuff enough, and
Room for more,
" But what avails the needless, worth-
less Store?
" Who sails from *India's* Shore, and
brings to Land
" A heavy Cargo of unuseful Sand?
" If we for Knowledge sail o'er Lear-
ning's Seas,
" Let us bring what will profit, what
will please.
" Let Study be with Elegance refin'd,
" Enlarge the Thought, but not de-
press the Mind.
" What to Stone Sculpture, Lines to
Colours are,
" Gesture to Speaking, and to Beauty
Air,
" Such Grace, and something more,
yet more Divine,
" Something which Thought can
reach, but not define,
" Should in true, useful, solid Lear-
ning shine.

T



Friday,

N^o 21. *Friday, May 27.*

*Denique cetera Animantia in suo genere
probe degunt: congregari videmus, &
iurare contra dissimilia: Leonum feritas
inter se non dimicat: Serpentum morsus
non petit Serpentes: ne Maris quidem bel-
lue ac pisces, nisi in diversa genera, se-
viunt. At, herculè, homini plurima ex
homine sunt Mala.* Plin.

BEing Yesterday on the Ramble, and
putting in for Refreshment at *Sal-
ter's* Coffee-house at *Chelsea*, I enter-
tain'd my self with taking a Survey of
his Labour for these Twenty Years
past, which has been in making a Col-
lection of monstrous and uncommon
Curiosities. As the *Virtuoso* himself
was not at Home, I was forc'd to con-
tent my self with learning the History
of the Rarities from Female Intelli-
gence; and as I desired her to point
me out something of *Antiquity*, she pro-
duc'd a *Sword* which she inform'd me
was brought from the *Battle of Hoch-*
sted.

H 3

sted. This one Instance gave me sufficient Satisfaction of her Judgment as an Antiquary; and I do not know but that, if she were requir'd to produce something Modern, she would fetch out a *Splinter* of the *Pillar* of *Salt* into which *Lot's* Wife was turn'd, a Piece of the *Ruins* of Old *Troy*, or *Diana's* Temple at *Ephesus*: The Fragments of all which their *Catalogues* pretend to.

I began to think that if a *Distress* were to be made of this *Medley* of *Oddities*, how it would puzzle an *Officer* to give every one its proper Denomination, and an *Appraiser* to set a precise Valuation. Nothing but the Head of a *Vir-tuoso* can be capable of proportioning the Values between an heap of *Thunderbolts*, and a *Musical Mouse-trap*; between *Goliath's* Gantlet, and an *Indian* Monarch's *Snuff-box*; or a *Nun's* Slipper, and the *Cham* of *Tartary's* Stirrup. The Heads of those Men of Delicacy are furnish'd with peculiar Cells for Regulation, and Esteem in these Niceties; and they can with as much Ease set a Price on the *Virgin Mary's* Milk petrified, as a Broker can on an Old Chest of Drawers, or Table-Bedstead: What Value could a Mechanick impose on

on the *gilded Chest*, which graces a Corner of this accomplish'd Coffee-room; and which has travell'd from *Japan* with the Bones of a Fryar in it, sent to reconcile a King of *Portugal*; but which was fortunately snap'd up by the Way by an *English* Captain, and presented to be laid up amongst these numerous Treasures of Curiosity?

Now as *Whitfontide* is approaching, and the gay Youths who are content at other times with appearing Spruce at a Shop-door, or practising gentle Postures behind a Counter, will be dispersing into Places of Recreation for three Days; such whose Heads are not turn'd, or Circumstances adapted to *Richmond* or *Epsom*, but are confin'd within narrower Circles of Pleasure, I would advise to make an Innocent Parade to *Chelsea*, and do enjoin them strictly to call in at *Salter's*, on Pain of incurring the Censure of Stupidity, in default thereof.

This *Oeconomist* is furnish'd with such Variety of Objects for Speculation, that he is sure to content every Disposition and Capacity in their several ways. The Scholastick Genius that has a taste for, and Faith in Antiquity, has here an

ample Field for Differtation on the preserving such small, but precious, Remains for so many Ages : The *Smatterer* in *Naturals* cannot fail of being pleas'd to see a piece of Wood that grew in the *Shape of a Hog* : What Room for Discourse does a *rough Diamond* make ? What Grounds for a Romance does the Skin of an *Alligator* furnish ? How may the Jocose Imagination be tickled with the *Italian Padlock*, and the little *Ladies* in the *Glass-case* ? And for the sprightly Lads that delight in rough Game, how might they point and sneer on Account of the dry Drubs, they could give each other with *Goliab's Sword* or *Queen Elizabeth's Walking-Stick* ?

For my own Part, as I am particular in most things from the generality of Mankind, so my Observations from Objects have a different and peculiar Turn. When I cast my Eyes upwards on *Salter's Cieling*, and beheld it planted with the stuffed Skins of so many noxious Animals, I began to resemble his Disposition in them to the State of **Humane Nature**. This is a dumb Picture of Life, thought I ; just in this manner are Mortals surrounded with Danger ; Who can be so circumspect,
and

and void of Provocation in his Conduct, that may not be assaulted by a Bully, who shall run at him like a *Sword-fish*? Who can be arm'd against the Deceit of one, who shall devour us with the Voracity of a *Shark*, and weep over us with the Dissimulation of a *Crocodile*? How often are we tortur'd with the Impertinence of a Prater, whose Jingle is more insufferable than that of a *Rattle-Snake*? How often is our Credulity impos'd upon by Stories that surmount the Improbabilities of a *Mer-Maid*? And yet these Assaults, either on our Persons or Senses, are made by those whom Nature has thrown into the same Form with us, endow'd with the same Faculties and Operations, and whom she design'd to be Brethren and Assistants to each other.

There is scarce an Animal throughout the Creation, that delights in injuring its own *Species*. Rivalship, or Emulation, indeed may push them on assaulting and grappling with each other; but Strength and noble Rage in them does the Mischief, which Man performs oftner by Treachery and Circumvention: Instinct and Hunger make Lyons to prey on Deer, and Cattle; Serpents to swallow
Birds

Birds and Reptiles; and the larger Fish to feed on the smaller, as their proper Food, and design'd by Nature for their Sustenance: But Man, that has all the Products of the Creation at his Service, aims his Arrows chiefly against Man; runs him down with Fraud and Artifice, hunts him into the Toils of Perplexity, and triumphs in his Ruin.

“ Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,

“ But savage Man alone does Man betray!

“ Press'd by Necessity, They kill for Food;

“ Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.

“ With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they hunt;

“ Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:

“ But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,

“ Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:

“ With voluntary Pains works his Distress,

“ Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.

Monday,

N^o 22. *Monday, May 30.*

——— *Dic, quid referat intra
Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum, an
Mille aret?*

AS I was walking in the Street the other Day, I observed a Fellow mounted upon a *spotted Horse* harranguing a circular Assembly, which his Trumpeter had called together; I mixed with the Multitude, and made a part of the Audience, not without hopes of reaping some Diverſion from the *Doctor*, his *Company*, or his *Horse*. Neither was I deceived; but as the *Doctor*, both by his Situation and his Understanding, seem'd to be the most considerable Person, I own my self most obliged to him; tho' I perceived many who judged the contrary, and made the *Horse* their chief Favourite. I shall not make so long a Preface as he did, but tell my Reader that I was not a little *pleased* with one of this *Equestrian Empirick's* Argu-

Arguments to recommend a certain *Plaster* whose Virtues and Value he was displaying to his Audience: " If, says
" the *Doctor*, you have a violent Pain
" in the Side, Back, Head, or any o-
" ther Part, try all the Tricks you can
" for Ease, clap a Bag of a Hundred
" Pounds to the Part affected, what
" Relief will you gain by it? You'll
" Sigh and Languish on. — But if
" you apply this single *Emplastrum*,
" (which I sell with the whole *Packet*
" for Six-pence) the Pain will be im-
" mediately relieved, you are well in
" an Instant. — And *Ergo*, I say
" this *Plaster* is worth an Hundred
" Pounds. —

Tho' I knew from whence the Rogue stole his witty Consequence, I could not help being pleased with the Arguments; and soon perceived the Effect it had upon his Audience, who, by the Multitude of *Gloves* and *Handkerchiefs* to receive this precious Piece of *Leather*, seemed to think that they had made a fine Market of their *Sixpences*, and actually gulled the *Doctor* out of *Ninety Nine Pounds Nineteen Shillings* and *Six-pence*, by taking him at his Word.

Now

Now tho' I am not fond of moralizing upon every silly Accident or Story, and turning a Man's whole Life and Conversation into a Common-Place of serious or religious Application, yet upon this Occasion I could not refrain from running into some Reflections upon that most unreasonable Vice of *Covetousness*. The *Quack's* Argument about the Hundred Pounds Bag is the same beautiful Thought, tho' in a courser Dress, and so better suited to the Capacity of his Patients, that is made use of by the finest and most delicate Authors of Antiquity. *Lucretius* has worked up the same Sentiment into a Number of as fine Verses as any in all his Works, and *Horace* has more than once touched upon it in the same way; A Bed of Down or Cloth of Tissue, says one, cannot make the Rich Man's *Gout* less Pungent, nor Liquor in a *Cup of Gold* relieve the Thirst of the *Hydropical Miser*.

In this Train of Thought I proceeded, reflecting still upon some Passages in these celebrated Poets, which strike upon this Subject with great Spirit and Delicacy. *Horace* has put a parcel of Arguments into the Mouth of the *Miser*, supposing him to plead his own Cause,

Cause, and so, allowing him all he can say for himself, baffles him from his own Concessions. The excellent Sense of the Poet, if not wronged by a bad Interpreter, might run in this manner.

There is no Man that proposes to gather Abundance of Riches but what has some *End* in his View, which once attained, the Pursuit is to be given over, and he is to set his Heart at Ease. Now, what says the *Covetous*? Why, he truly will be contented to undergo the Fatigues of Trade, Labour, and Business; he will rise early, and sit up late for a certain space of Time, and then——

What, will not you allow your self the Satisfaction of using some Part of your Wealth as you gain it? will you give your self no Ease and Relaxation, to taste of the Pleasures in the Use of your Riches? No, replies the *Niggard*, if I break one Bag, it's gone, I shall not have a Penny left, and so on to the Second and Third. But if you don't, what are you better in the midst of your Possessions than I, or a far poorer Mortal? If you have a Hundred *Granaries*, *Meadows*, and *Fish-ponds* full, and well stocked, yet you can't eat a Morsel more than I, and the same Quantity or less will serve
me

me who live within the Bounds of Nature, and a small Fortune. Oh! But there is a Pleasure in taking from a great Heap, because I know there's so much left. In return, I have the same Satisfaction from my little *Stock*, for that answers my Ends; and he is a fantastical Fool that prefers dangerous Means to a safe one when both are to the same End, and had rather drink out of a River than a little Fountain or a Glass. Well, but my Money, replies the *Miser*, procures me Esteem and Respect, and that I hope you will say is a laudable Passion. You tell me so indeed, but I can't perceive that it does; you are your own Idol and Idolater too, you bow to your self, and only fancy that others do so, or else you are certainly Blind: For you are hissed at in the publick *Streets*, pointed at in the *Temple*, and cursed over every Glass of Wine that is drank in the whole City. Indeed when you come home, out of Fear, or a servile Spirit, you may meet with some Regard. Ay, at home, cries the Wretch, there I triumph, there I have every thing at my Devotion, my Servants, my Children, and my Wife, all studious to please me. It is no such Matter, Sir,
you

you are despised even there, and tho' they dare not profess it to your Face, every Soul in your Family curses you in their Hearts. If you should chance to be Sick, they will all be so far from wishing your Recovery, that they will wait long, and pray with Impatience to see you Cold; they will laugh over your Grave, and triumph in the Spoils of your ill-got Estate, without reflecting from what Hand it came. In short, Sir, when you Covetous Wretches pretend that you have a determined End in your View, you belye and deceive your selves; every Encrease of Wealth begets a fresh Appetite, and you will never be able to leave off your Pursuits as long as you live by *Comparisons* and think it is impossible you should be Happy, while there is a richer Man in the World than your self, and by Consequence you must be always Miserable.

In short, there is but one Rule to be *Happy* in any Fortune, and that is, to live within the Bounds of Nature and Reason, and not set up an imaginary Scheme of Happiness which has no Foundation in either. To live easy, is to make our Desires keep pace with our Necessities; and it is safer to exceed them,

them, than to fall in within them; for the one lays a Ground for an inexcusable *Vice*, but the other may be abated by several Methods.

After this Lecture from an *Heathen* Author, I shall conclude my Paper with that excellent Saying in sacred Writ, that a *covetous Person is an Idolater*; that is, that there is *something* which he prefers to his Gods and has transferr'd that Love and Honour which is only due to the Omnipotent Being, to some Created Substance, and so is in the strict Notion of the Thing an actual *Idolater*.

T

N^o 23. *Wednesday, June 1.*

Κάλλος γὰρ πείπυσον ἀμωμήτοιο γυναικὸς
 ὅξιν τ' ἐν μερόπῳ πέλει πτέρυν' ὅϊσ' ἔ.
 Ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ὁδὸς ὅσιν' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῖο βολῶν
 ἔλκε' ὀλισθαίνει, καὶ ἐπὶ φρένας ἀνδρὸς ὁδὸν εἰ.
 Musæus.

I Never go into Assemblies of the Fair and Young, but I retire full of Sentiments of the Force of Beauty, and the sudden Impressions which an handsome Face never fails of making on the Hearts of Men. The Appearance of a
 graceful

graceful Person causes Emotions, which *Philosophy* itself cannot correct, nor *Stoicism* be insensible of. I have seen Gaiety aw'd with a single Look, and a pert Fop brought down to a dutiful Lover, by one Glance from a commanding Female. It is to be observ'd, whatever Variety of Charms the Nymph may have, the *Eye* is generally the *Throne* of *Cupid*, where he sits in the height of Pride, and dispences his Arrows at Will to his Subjects. For this Reason, tho' the *Naturalists* inform us of *Basilisks*, and the *Mythologists* of *Gorgon's Heads*, I dare affirm a beauteous Woman to be the only Animal capable of striking a Man dead with a Look, or of turning him to a Stone or Stupidity.

What has brought me on this Subject of Love, is the following Letter, which was transmitted to me from the Gentleman to whom it was writ by a Person, on whom Beauty and the Attractions of a powerful Female have made no light Impression.

Dear Jack,

May 3, 1715.

“**Y**OU'll be surpriz'd to hear (from
 “ my self, especially) that I am one
 “ of the most unfortunate Men alive;
 “ You

“ You know, my Circumstances are far
“ from being desperate, and that I al-
“ ways enjoy’d a perfect State of Health :
“ For which Blessings my grateful Ac-
“ knowledgements, to the divine Di-
“ sposer of all things, have ever been
“ punctual. But you’ll be apt to ask
“ me, What then can make you unea-
“ sie? I am perfectly acquainted with
“ your repeated Resolutions not to be
“ disturb’d, or disquieted, at any cross
“ Accidents or Misfortunes which
“ might befall you; as knowing that
“ none such could happen to you, un-
“ less by the Permission of a Power
“ which (if so dispos’d,) ’twould be in
“ vain to resist.

“ This I am still satisfied and fully
“ convinc’d of, but Flesh and Blood
“ master and over-bear my Reason. A-
“ las! The Scene is changed since (at
“ *Oxford*) you were Witness to these
“ Resolutions. Reason then was at
“ the Helm, but now Affection. You
“ are acquainted with all the Secrets of
“ my Heart, nor shall you long be a
“ Stranger to this, which I know not
“ whether to call Pain or Pleasure.

“ You know the Person by whose
“ Direction I was settled in this Coun-
“ try,

“ try, so remote from my Friends; he
“ has often told me, he did it with a
“ Prospect to my future Advantage: But
“ I have too much Reason to apprehend
“ it will be the Source and Foundation
“ of my future Woe. Not to keep
“ you longer in Suspence,
“ I have since I came to these Parts
“ settled my Affections, I am afraid
“ unhappily, on a Lady who (Human-
“ ly speaking) is Perfection it self. You
“ have often heard F—— of Q——’s
“ commend with Transport and Rap-
“ tures the Sense, Temper, and Beau-
“ ty of the agreeable *Mirtilla*: The
“ Lady whose Fetters I wear, is the
“ same. The first time I saw her, my
“ Observations were not very particu-
“ lar; but at the Second Interview I
“ observ’d a Softness in her Countenance,
“ that bespoke a Calmness and Serenity
“ of Temper; to which was join’d Mo-
“ desty, able to raise Virtuous Desires
“ to the highest Pitch, and to dash the
“ wanton Pretensions of the wildest
“ Libertine. I found an unspeakable
“ Satisfaction in viewing her; which I
“ thought might be done without Dan-
“ ger: But the more I gaz’d, the more
“ still that Pleasure encreas’d; tho’ I
“ still

“ still perswaded my self the bare look-
 “ ing on her would fix no lasting Im-
 “ pression on my Mind, nor deeper than
 “ that which agreeable Objects gene-
 “ rally imprint: Nor perhaps had it,
 “ if it had not been my Fortune (to call it
 “ good or bad, I hitherto am at a loss;)
 “ to fall into Company and Conversa-
 “ tion with her. ’Twas then, that
 “ Sweetness of Temper, that Discre-
 “ tion which before I could only guess
 “ at, shew’d and display’d it self. Then,
 “ that which before seem’d to have its Be-
 “ ing only in my Fancy, I found to have a
 “ real Existence.

“ Should I indulge the Inclination I
 “ have to praise her particular Virtues,
 “ I should tire you with her Encomi-
 “ ums. Perhaps, what I have already
 “ said on this Subject may seem tedi-
 “ ous and insipid to you, who have not
 “ hitherto experienc’d the soft Impres-
 “ sions the Fair Sex is capable of mak-
 “ ing.

“ But what shall I do? My Life is a
 “ Burthen to me, till she is inform’d of
 “ the Esteem and sincere Affection I
 “ bear her; And whatever my future
 “ Views may be, considering the mean-
 “ ness of the Post I am in at present, I
 “ cannot

“ cannot discover my Passion without
“ incurring the Imputation of Assurance.
“ What the Lady's Fortune is, I am
“ altogether Ignorant; tho', could it
“ be without detriment to her, I should
“ wish it less than 'tis reported to be,
“ for then I could promise my self better
“ Hopes of Success.

“ But every thing seems to combine
“ to make me Miserable; Her Fortune
“ (if Fame may be rely'd on,) is considerably
“ beyond what I ought to
“ expect, as the Market goes by way of
“ Settlement; and to give even an impartial
“ Account of my own Circumstances,
“ would be downright Madness.
“ My only Comfort is that the Lady
“ has Sense, and, I believe, no sordid
“ Affection for Money; and could she
“ be convinc'd that the chief Care and
“ Study of my Life (next to that to which
“ all Concerns must give Place) would
“ be to make her's Easy, Agreeable,
“ and Pleasant to her, I should not altogether
“ despair of Success.

“ My Design in writing this long
“ Letter to you, is to ask your Advice,
“ (whose Reason is not clouded with
“ Passion) what is best to be done in
“ my Case. Whether I should boldly
declare

“ declare my Passion, or languish be-
 “ tween Hopes and Fear, or rather
 “ in Despair. I, as it were, foresee your
 “ Counsel will be, that I should assume
 “ a Modest Boldness. But then a Frown,
 “ or an Answer any ways discouraging,
 “ would render my Condition more
 “ desperate than ever, - compleat my
 “ Misery, and make me incapable for
 “ the future of ever resuming the Sub-
 “ ject.

I am Faithfully Thine,

P. M.

As I am retain'd by the Gentleman,
 to whom this Letter was writ, a *Coun-
 cil* for the *Lover*; I am to put him in
 the best Measures, according to my
 Judgment, to carry his Cause. I must
 consider him as a *Plaintiff* that has brought
 his *Action*; I must suppose her to have
appear'd, and therefore his next Step,
 of Course, is to *declare*; and in that
Declaration let him be so full and exact,
 as to leave her no Room to *Demur*.

Women indeed are often sway'd by
 Vanity or Interest, and no less frequent-
 ly by Inclination; therefore tho' some
 Pro-

Professions of Passion may favour of Assurance, the Man, who in that Fear resolves to be dumb, deserves to lose his Mistress. In Love, as in War, the Attacks must be made strenuously, or the Assailant will come off by the worst. And were I a Woman, I should with more Pride surrender to the Person who would carry me fairly, and treat me with Honour; than to him who stood on formal Capitulations, and, for want of Merit, was for bartering by Equivalent in Land and Money.

N° 24. *Friday, June 3.*

Ὅστις ἄδω πίνει, οἶνῳ δὲ οἱ ἐπλετο μάρτυρ.
Hesiod.

HAVING in one of my former Papers made an Apology for the Wine-bibbers, I find some of my Readers have mistaken my Design, and imagine that I have been pleading the Cause of those everlasting Topers who rise, perform their constant Course, and set in
Wine

Wine. This sort of People have given me to understand that they highly approve of my *Lecture* upon the Subject, and one significant Person of a *Culinary Club* has signified to me in a *Hand*, which I could easily perceive *shook* as he writ, that the President had read my Discourse thrice over, and had order'd it to be laid upon the Table between two Rows of Tobacco-pipes, to be perused by the Members of the Society. He likewise informs me, that, in Respect to my Name and Family, the *Club* have petitioned the Man of the House to pull down his *Sign*, which is at present the *Bumper*, and set up the Head of my great Ancestor *Ben. Johnson* in its room, which he thinks is a Compliment I ought to be proud of.

Another Correspondent, who it seems is as much married to his Bottle as his Wife, returns me his hearty Thanks for my Reasons for Drinking; which, he says, are as good as those contained in the two famous Verses which he has remembered, and forgot five Hundred times since he commenced a *Toper*. His Wife, who I find is a Woman of a clear Voice and an excellent Delivery, is apt to rally the good Man for his Intemperance,

I

and

and now, says he, as soon as ever she begins I fling her your Paper with a --- *Here read the CENSOR.* He does not know how it is, but there is a *Charm* in it, he says, that has tied her Tongue to its good Behaviour for this last Fortnight.

In return to all these kind Things, I must assure my Correspondents that I am no Patron of hard-drinking; and it has always been my Opinion, there is not an Animal upon the Face of the Earth more miserable than a *Sot*. This *Wretch*, like the *Salamander*, lives in the midst of a Fire; his Blood and Spirits continually boiling with the Fumes of his former Excesses, and receiving a fresh Supply for his present Debaucheries. His Time is not measured by the Day, or Hour, but the *Bottle*; and all his Arithmetick is, *What is to pay*, and *how much* he has drank. His Health, his Fortune, and every thing else is divided and split into *Tavern Bills*: And *Pints*, and *Quarts* stand at the foot of every Account he makes up. To behold one of these Creatures with a *bloated Face*, and a *wasted Carcase*, by the Aid of a *Paralytical* Hand lifting up a Glass to his Head, that works all the while in the same unequal Motion, is

an Object of the utmost Aversion and Contempt: But his Pleasure is, the Vanity of saying he did not spill one Drop of the precious Liquor. Absurd Wretch! And yet how many of this Class are to be met with, who work the Day, the Week, and Year round, without any Season of Rest and Relaxation. The whole *Calendar* is turned into *Holidays* with the Drunkard, and his *Jubilee* returns with every Sun that rises.

But what of all the Extravagancies of this vicious Custom most offends me, is the Pride and Triumph that these mighty Heroes of *Bacchus* take in subduing each other, and, without a *Metaphor*, knocking each other literally under the *Table*. *Drinking Matches* are now become almost as frequent as *Horse* or *Cock Matches*, and the Prize is often as considerable, tho' the Event resembles the latter most, where one of the Combatants receives a Blow that either shortens his Life, or kills him upon the Spot. It is a pretty Diversion for two rational Creatures to set down to murder one another by way of Pleasure, and strive who shall go first to the Grave, for the Improvement of good Fellowship.

While others are repeating the noble Exploits of our *British Ancestors*, or the more modern and more glorious Victories of *Blenheim* or *Ramelies*, and setting forth the Conduct and Courage of their Country-men, these Wretches in the Angle of a smoaky Room are boasting of the *Martyrs* to the Bottle, and pleasing themselves in the Repetition of Triumphs they ought to be hanged for. If all their Discourse were put into plain *English*, it would run in no better a Strain than this; That *Will. Tipple* went drunk to *Hell* on *Monday*; that *Tom. Two-gallons* died in his Chair after the Tenth Bottle without saying one Word; that the jolly *Baronet* spent his Estate, beggar'd his Family, and after a merry Meeting fell from his Horse and broke his Neck, having before taken care to make no *Will* when he had nothing to leave.

The best way that I know of to convert a Drunkard is, to beat him out of that Argument which the Tribe most value themselves upon, and that is, that for all their Faults they are Men of Honour, or honest Fellows, and therefore fit to be trusted. Now if the World had a just Opinion of them, these Wretches would be excluded from all man-
ner

ner of Commerce with their Fellow Creatures, as unfit for Society. The *Marquess of Halifax* has touched this Subject with such a Delicacy, in his *Directions for the Choice of Members to serve in Parliament*, that I shall forbear to say any thing my self, and recommend the Reader to a better Entertainment from that great Judge of Men and Letters.

‘ Great Drinkers are less fit to serve in Parliament than is apprehended.

‘ Mens Virtue, as well as their Understanding, is apt to be tainted by it.

‘ The Appearance of it is sociable and well-natur’d, but it is by no means to be rely’d upon; nothing is more frail than a Man too far engaged in *wet Popularity*.

‘ It is seldom seen, that any Principles have such a Root, as that they can be Proof against the continual dropping of the Bottle.

‘ As to the Faculties of the Mind, there are not less Objections; the Vapours of Wine may sometimes throw out Sparks of Wit, but they are like scattered pieces of Ore, there is no Vein to work upon.

‘ Such Wit, even the best of it, is
 ‘ like paying great Fines ; in which
 ‘ Case there must of necessity be an
 ‘ Abatement of the constant Rent.

‘ Nothing sure is a greater Enemy to
 ‘ the Brain than too much Moisture;
 ‘ it can the least of any thing bear the
 ‘ being continually steeped. And it
 ‘ may be said, that Thought may be
 ‘ resembled to some Creatures which
 ‘ can only live in a *dry Country*.

‘ Yet so arrogant are some Men, as
 ‘ to think they are so much Masters of
 ‘ Business, as that they can play with
 ‘ it; they imagine they can drown
 ‘ their Reason once a Day, and that it
 ‘ shall not be the worse for it; for-
 ‘ getting, that by too often dividing,
 ‘ the Understanding at last groweth too
 ‘ weak to rise again.

‘ I suppose this Fault was less frequent,
 ‘ when *Solon* made it one of his Laws,
 ‘ that it was lawful to kill a *Magistrate*
 ‘ if he was found Drunk. Such Liber-
 ‘ ty taken in this Age, either in the
 ‘ Parliament, or out of it, would do
 ‘ horrible Execution. T

Monday,

N^o 25. *Monday, June 6.*

*Etiam Illi, qui in ligneolis hominum Figu-
ris gestus movent, quando filum membri
quod agitari solet traxerint, torquebitur
Cervix; nutabit Caput: Oculi vibrabunt:
manus ad Ministerium præstò erunt:
nes invenustè totus videbitur vivere.*

Apul. de Mundo.

AS in the sedate Moments of my
Life, I take frequent Rambles of
Speculation, so I never fail of having
my Mind as well as Eye delighted with
the Variety of Objects which occur to
my Observation; For when I am in
these pleasant Moods of Serenity, there
can nothing present it self, however
perverse or awkward in its kind, but what
will promote my contemplative Faculty,
and give a Rise to a Thousand occasio-
nal Remarks.

I happen'd in one of these lucid In-
tervals, to be dragg'd along with a
Friend of Business thro' the Hurry of
the *Royal Exchange*, and from thence to

the *Custom-house Keys*: In the first Place, my Ears were assaulted with imperfect Sentences of *buying Stock*, from *Seven Eights* to *Three Quarters*, so much *Discount*, and many other Fragments peculiar to the Phrase of *Merchandize*. When I came to the *Keys*, I was worse distracted with repeated Hammerings, splitting of Tobacco-tubs, and the hoarse Clamours of the robust Porters about the Cranes, who look'd like so many *Archimedes's* that could toss the Globe.

Perceiving such Crouds of People employ'd in their different ways, and acting in a sort of *regular Confusion* without disturbing each other, I could not help reflecting on the little *wooden Family* of my facetious Friend *Powell*: This *Artist* is furnish'd with Personages to play on Nature in all her Degrees and Distinctions of Quality, from a *Tinsel Emperor* to a *ragged Lazar*. In this height of Business when I observ'd the Deference paid to a burly Head-Officer, that stalk'd full of the Knowledge of his Dignity, my Imaginations were full of the famous *Charlemain*; and again when some *Under-strappers* in Power shuffled along, and all the Complement to them was ---' *Servant, Master*; I consider'd

sider'd them as so many *London Prodigals* that liv'd on the Loose, and never allow'd their *Occupations* a Moment, beyond the time prescrib'd by *Custom* or *Authority*.

I likewise consider these busie Animals, like *Puppets*, in another Sense; you shall observe those little *Mechanicks* to stir their Stumps, whirl round their Bodies, and rowl their Eyes as Occasion serves, and yet cannot discern the Springs of those respective Motions. It is just so with the active Part of Mankind; they bustle and hurry; toil and splutter; we can see the Pains they take, and the Compliance of their Limbs to what they are engag'd in, but cannot penetrate to the Influences under which they act. I do not mean the Natural Causes of Motion, or the Office of Muscles in Humane Bodies, but the various Interests in Life which set those busie Mortals a going.

Were I dispos'd to be jacose, I could animadvert on the Numbers of Objects, this Day swarming about the Fields, that look yet more like *Powell's* artificial *Engines*, than the Product of Nature's Wisdom. They are dress'd, like gorgeous Puppets, in their *Holy-day*

I 5

Geer,

Geer, and move as awkwardly as if they had not Joints, but their Limbs were clap'd together and fixt to their Bodies on Wiers.

But I shall rather chuse to imitate the Author, whose Words I have borrow'd at the Head of my Paper; and divert the low and ludicrous Image to a Reflection of more Weight and Dignity. All the Operations of Providence stand on the same Foot; the Celestial Influence insinuates it self by an unseen Attachment, and one Impulse of the Divine Will, like a Master-spring, puts the inferior Causes in Agitation. The first Emission of his Power being made, every thing, by mutual and communicated Impulses, receives a Motion proper to its Nature: We have Eyes that discern the Effects of this imperceptible Ordination; and Understandings and Conjectures that soar up to second Causes; but the Interests of the Almighty, in the Disposition of his Works, is a Secret fit only for Angels to contemplate.

I confess, the Influences under which Men act are frequently obvious and apparent; their Passions are the Keys of Action, and it is very easy to distinguish
betwixt

betwixt the Man that takes Pains only for a Livelyhood, and him that labours to amass a Treasure. It seems very plain to me that worldly Interest, and a little Spirit of Avarice, were the Motives of the following Petition, which was this Morning sent to me in a small *Band-box*.

The humble Petition of Martha Twistrowl, Spinster and Milliner, to the Honourable Benjamin Johnson, Esq; CENSOR of Great-Britain.

YOUR Petitioner sets forth that being a Woman, industrious in her Calling, and willing to live well in the World, she humbly hopes that *your Honour* will think proper, upon her Petition, to recommend to general Wear the most becoming Fashion of *Black-Heads*. That your Petitioner having attain'd the Secret of making them up with an extraordinary Air, and having a very good Custom amongst the Ladies of the middle Rank, would be a considerable Gainer if the said Fashion could be brought to bear. If likewise *your Worship* would please to take Notice, that to make the Expence the more easy, I have provided a good Quantity of *course Gause*, and
Love,

Love; and that it shall be at the Ladies Pleasure to buy their own *Ribbands* at the *Marlborough Cellars*; it would be a particular Obligation, and your Petitioner, as in Duty bound, shall ever Pray, &c.

Martha Twist-rowl.

I make bold to send your Worship one of these *Heads*, inclos'd; if it may be worthy of the Wear of any of your Friends.

Tho' I was pleas'd with the Complaisance of this Female Trader, and shall consider her as the first who has signaliz'd me with the Title of *Esquire*, yet I cannot favour her in this Matter further than by the Insertion of her Petition: As I cannot perswade my self the Fashion is becoming, so, by my Office, I am obliged to Censure the Levity of the Sex, in foregoing a Dress advantageous to their Beauty, for this new and disagreeable *Exotick*. I have made my Observation on several that have wore them; the Pale and Fair look like so many *Pewits*, and the Brown and Ruddy like *Zara* in the Tragedy. I am confident that had the famous *Pewterer's* Wife

Wife in *Bedlam* surviv'd to have seen this Dress, her Pride would scarce have gone far enough to have encourag'd the Fashion by her falling into it; For the Head Mrs. *Twist-rown* was so kind to send me, as I have a small parcel of Cherries rip'ning for me, I have sent it into the Country to my good *Cousin*, with Directions for her to fix it on a Pole in the Orchard, to serve for a *Scare-crow*.

N^o 26. *Wednesday, June 8.*

Ἐλαφρόν, ὅσις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα

ἔχει, παραινέειν, νεδεύειν τε τὰς κακῶς

Προσωντίας.

Æschyl. in Prom.

I Have not a few times diverted myself with observing how Authors in different Ages have not only slipt into the same Sentiments without copying from their Predecessors; but have work'd up a Maxim with a certain *Sameness* of Thought, and sometimes of Expression. I remember the Learned Dr. *Bentley* has made it one of his Exceptions to *Phalaris's* Epistles being Genuine, that the Tyrant has made use of some Pro-
verbial,

verbial Sentences, which are recorded as the Inventions of Authors of a much later Date, and therefore *Phalaris* could not write those Epistles, because he has used some Sayings that were not in Being in his Age. I confess, I am not totally satisfied with this Argument, I look upon it a Hardship next to an Impossibility to determine strictly the Periods, and Origins of such Sentences; and were it not a Work that would favour too much of Pedantry and Affectation of Book-Learning, I could produce several of these sententious Fragments, which have been severally attributed to five or six distinct Authors, and that on the Testimonies of great Hands. But this is a Digression from the Subject I intended. I was proposing to shew from this Passage of *Æschylus* prefix'd to my Paper, how closely the same Sentiment has been traced, by Authors of different Ages and Language, without being beholding to each other for an Imitation. This Sentence in the *Grecian* Poet is spoken by *Prometheus* after he is bound to Mount *Caucasus*, and in the height of his Distress is advis'd by the *Sea-Nymphs* to quit his Resentments and assume a Temper;

How

*Fetter strong Madnefs in a filken Thread,
 Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
 Thus it is all Mens Office to fpeak Patience
 To thofe that wring under the Load of Sorrow,
 But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
 To be fo Moral, when he fhall endure
 The like himfelf. ———*

*Mens Griefs cry louder than Adverfement;
 And there was never yet Philofopher
 That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,
 However they have writ the Stile of Gods,
 And made a Pifh at Chance and Sufferance.*

I think this *Engliſh* Poet, whoſe Honour muſt never dye till Taſte and Judgment are withered in our Country, has grac'd this Subject with a Lecture of equal Wiſdom and Elegance. We preach up Patience and Conſolation at every Turn, but never can put the Leſſon into Practice. Our Fortunes have always ſome Diſtemper, which makes us ſour and diſcontented: We talk gravely of the Allotments of Providence, and of Reſignation to the Divine Will; yet, like froward Children, we break and throw from us the Bleſſings of indulgent Heaven, and require to be furniſh'd every Moment with freſh Felicities.

Sir

Sir *Richard Bulstrode*, whose Essays are lately publish'd, has touch'd the Subject of our Discontents with much Nature, and Easiness of Stile. This great Man seems to me to write, as a Courtier of King *Charles's* time would speak; he has Fluency without Affectation; his Notions are strong and of a good Compass; and his Writings are full of Strokes of Divinity, as well as moral Instruction: I beg leave to hope I may entertain my Readers with a Quotation from him, that is a natural Sequel to the Theme I had taken in Hand.

“ He that enjoys the greatest Happiness in this World, does still want
 “ one Happiness more to secure him for
 “ the future what he possesses at present;
 “ and if the Enjoyments of this Life
 “ were certain, yet they are unsatisfy-
 “ ing; it is a hard thing that every
 “ thing in this World can trouble us,
 “ but nothing can give us Satisfaction.
 “ I know not how it is, but either we,
 “ or the things of this World, or both,
 “ are so fantastical, that we can neither
 “ be well with these things nor with-
 “ out them: If we be hungry, we are
 “ in Pain; and if we be full, we are
 “ uneasy: If we are Poor, we think
 our

“ selves Miserable; and if we be Rich,
“ we commonly really are so; if we are
“ in a low Condition we fret and mur-
“ mur; if we chance to get up and are
“ raised to Greatness, we are many times
“ farther from Content than before;
“ so that we pursue the Happiness of
“ this World just as little Children
“ chase Birds, when we think we are
“ very near it, and have it almost in
“ our Hands, it flies farther from us
“ than it was at first. Indeed the En-
“ joyments of this World are so far
“ from affording us Satisfaction, as the
“ sweetest of them are most apt to sa-
“ tiate and cloy us: All the Pleasures
“ of this World are so contriv’d as to
“ yield us very little Happiness; if
“ they go off soon they signify nothing,
“ and if they stay long we are sick of
“ them: After a full Draught of any
“ sensual Pleasure, we presently loath
“ it; and hate it as much after the En-
“ joyment, as we search’d and long’d
“ for it in Expectation: But the De-
“ lights of the other World, as they still
“ give us full Satisfaction, so we shall
“ never be weary of them; every Re-
“ petition of them will be accompanied
“ with a new Pleasure and Content-
ment:

“ ment: In the Felicities of Heaven
 “ two things will be reconcil’d, which
 “ never met together in any sensual De-
 “ light, long and full Enjoyment, and
 “ yet a fresh and perpetual Pleasure; it
 “ would embitter the Pleasures of Hea-
 “ ven to see an End of them, tho’ at
 “ never so great a Distance: But God
 “ hath so order’d things that the vain
 “ Delights of this World should be tem-
 “ porary, but the substantial Pleasures
 “ of the next World be as lasting as
 “ they are Excellent.

N^o 27. *Friday, June 10.*

—E Caelo descendit, γυνῶδι σεαυτοῖς. Juvem.
 Εἰ θυῖος εἰ, βέλῃσε, θυῖα καὶ φέρει. Antiph.

AS I took Care to send out my Scouts
 to all Places of Resort and Pleasure,
 within Ten Miles of the Bills of Mor-
 tality, to learn the true State of *Habits*,
 and *Manners*; their respective Reports
 have given me but a very indifferent Ac-
 count on both Heads. I find the *Beau*
Monde is resolv’d to *dress* in Contempt
 to.

to *Gracefulness*, and *behave* in Defiance of *Decency*. It looks as if Vanity had made War on good Sense, and a Spirit of Libertinism triumph'd over Morality.

I confess, I can much easier dispense with some Extrems in Habit, than a licentious Levity of Behaviour; and as odious a Vice as Pride is, I would allow both Sexes an Indulgence for Fashions, so the Ladies will not think themselves Goddesses, and the Men, like *Alexander*, disclaiming their Fathers, expect to be deem'd Sons of *Jupiter Ammon*. We ought to remember that nothing can become us so well, as Humility and a modest Carriage: Arrogance and assuming Airs are going directly out of our Sphere, and forgetting our Nature and Condition. The Vicissitudes of Fortune, and frequent Changes which we see happen to the most exalted Stations, should serve to disarm us of our swelling Passions, and put us in Mind that we are but mortal.

To know our selves of Old was accounted a great part of Wisdom, but Custom and Fashion have now made it a Rule to forget we are Men. Vanity and Ostentation over-run our Natures, and make us neither see our own Frailty,

ty, nor the Perfection of the Power to whom we owe our Being: I remember it is an Observaion of Mr. *Collier's*, that there are but three tolerable Pretenc's for Pride, which are Learning, Nobility and Power; and yet all of them, duly examin'd, should rather make us humble than vain.

The Height of all *Socrates's* Learning, and Disquisitions into Nature, amounted to no more than to know certainly that he knew nothing. The farther we make our Progress in Knowledge, the nearer we come to the Discovery of our Ignorance and Insufficiency. The Heathen Philosophers, if any Body, had the best right to pride themselves in their Learning, and yet how short of Certainty were their Searches, how dubious and contradictory their Determinations? The Sects wrangled with each other on Points which none of them could prove; and they often broke in upon their own Assertions. Shall we boast, and look big on Account of our Knowledge, and yet cannot tell how the Seasons change, or why the Night and Day so regularly succeed each other? Shall we swell and be vain of our Understandings and Capacities, when

when all our Positions are but Chimerical, and the Top of our Knowledge, but Surmize and Conjecture? What are our Arts and Sciences but Amusements, invented to fill up the Charms of our Time, and puzzle and perplex us with more elaborate Ignorance?

Have we more reason to be proud of our *Nobility*? Is there Merit in *Degrees* and *Distinctions* of *Birth* and *Quality*; Is it a Cause for Ostentation to stand at the foot of a long *Genealogy*, or that we can fill up a Gallery with the Pictures of our *Ancestors*? How easily might our Vanity be put out of Countenance, with being inform'd that our Grandeur began in a *drudging Plebeian*, or some that more sordid Slave, rose by his Villanies?

Or lastly, have we reason to assume on being invested with *Power*? Is Pre-eminence of that Price that it can add to our Value? What are our *Ascents* in *Dignity*, but so many Steps to Danger and Uneasiness? Is there any thing more unreasonable than Acquisitions of Power, any thing more precarious than the maintaining of it when acquir'd? A Fisherman, by happy Force and the Connivance of Providence, may be seated on a Throne; and a Monarch, by the Disaffection of his

his Subjects and the Frowns of Heaven,
be turn'd out, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, to
graze on the Mountains.

Indeed Learning, Nobility, and
Power, rightly apply'd, may be inestim-
able Treasures. Learning may let us
into the Knowledge of what we are,
and what we should be; teach us the
Dependance and Subjection we are born
to, and the Obligations we lie under
to the Lord of our Destinies. Nobili-
ty may still improve this Lesson; The
Homage and Deference that are paid to
Superiors, instruct us with how much
more Reverence we should adore a Be-
ing whose Power and Quality are above
the Limits of all Degrees: And is not
our Power a Trust from Heaven, which
puts us in a Possibility of being service-
able in a wider Compass?

Ælian gives us an elegant and season-
able Reply of *Simonides* to *Pausanias*,
which at once was a tacit Reproof to
that General's Pride, and an Admoniti-
on to him, of the Instability of human
Things. As they were merry together
over their Cups, *Pausanias* commanded
him, to say something wise; to which
Simonides with a Smile return'd, Re-
member, thou art a Man. The General,
elevated

elevated with Wine and Power, slighted the Precept as useless and trivial; but when afterwards he fled for Sanctuary to *Minerva's* Temple, when Death from without and Famine within star'd him in the Face, he was heard to cry out thrice upon *Simonides*, and accuse himself of Stupidity, for neglecting a Sentence that had more Weight in it than he apprehended. The *Scythians* as handsomely check'd the Impiety of *Alexander*, when he would have pass'd upon them for a Deity. *If you are a God, (said they) you ought to confer Benefits on Mortals, not rob them of their Property. But if you are a Man, always think yourself to be what you are. 'Tis absurd to bear in Mind such things, as make you forgetful of your self.*

I cannot dismiss this Subject without taking Notice of a Monument, which has more Ostentation in it than is decent on these Occasions. It is erected on the side of a Garden-Wall on the Entrance to the Town of *Twickenham*, under which are laid the Ashes of Mrs. *Whitrow* a *Quaker*, and over which this Inscription is ingrav'd on a Stone.

Notice

Nosce Teipsum.

*Here, at her Desire,
are deposited in a Vault the
Remains of Mrs. Joane Whitrow;
whose Soul on the 8th of Septemb. 1707.
left this World, and ascended
into the glorious Joys of the Just,
having liv'd about 76 Years.
She was Eminent for her
Great ABSTINENCE;
Her Charity was universal;
She lov'd all good Persons
without Regard to Party.
She was favour'd by Heaven
with Uncommon Gifts.
She wrot several pious Books,
She was an extraordinary Person,
and came as near Perfection,
as the brightest Saints
that ever adorn'd the Church
since the Apostolick Age.*

*Examine your selves
2 Cor. 13. 5.
Death and Judgment
will come.*

K**Monday,**

N^o 28. Monday, June 13.

*Quid est enim Libertas? Potestas viven-
di, ut velis. Cic.*

ARTS and Sciences seem to have their Seasons of Life and Vigour, of Decay and Death; they revive and flourish from some Secret Influence which we cannot easily trace, fade and are extinguished from Causes equally remote and unobserved. Some Men have fancied that as Plants and Vegetables depend very much for their Growth and Beauty upon the Power of the Climate, and the Nature of the Soil, so Wit and Learning subsist and flourish from the Form and Model of the Government to which they are subject. There is indeed some Reason in this Maxim, since *Free States* and *Kingdoms* have been always observ'd to produce Men of Letters and Genius; and where-ever a true *Liberty* reigns, there must be a Spirit of Reason and good Sense; and when Men dare to Think as they please, *Arts* are certainly in a fairer way of receiving Improve-

Improvement, than where the *Mind* is restrained to a certain set of Thoughts, out of which it must not venture for fear of bringing its Partner the *Body* in for a Sufferer. A *Tyranny* over the Bodies of Men must be supported by a *Tyranny* over their Souls too: And therefore an Arbitrary Government can never be said to be in Safety, while there is a Spark of Reason left in the Bosom of its Subjects. *Ignorance* is the Mother of *Slavery*, as well as of *Superstition*; and some Countries have a juster Title to *Dutiness*, than ever *Bœotia* had of Old, from a more fatal Cause than a heavy Air, or a damp Climate. We have a severe Instance, in a neighbouring Kingdom, of the Effects that Government has upon the *Sciences*; since Wit and Learning have begun to decline among them as fast as *Tyranny* has advanced; and of all the late Productions of their great Men, none have been Excellent but those that were worked up by a Spirit for *Liberty*. This Consideration has sometimes made me reflect on a *Tyrant* in a new Light; as a perverse *Being* that acts in Opposition to the great *Creator*, and tries to alter the very End and Design of those Second

K 2

Causes

Causes which Heaven has appointed to produce different Effects. To make this Notion a little plainer to my Reader I shall chuse *France* for an Instance. This Country has the Advantage of a happy Situation, a fine temperate Air, and a noble Soil : so that the Inhabitants by the external Disposition of Things, and the kindness of Nature, seem designed to dignify the humane *Species* by some extraordinary Acts of *Reason*, being in Possession as it were of all the natural Causes that are appropriated to produce those glorious Effects. Thus we may say that Providence has calculated this *Spot* of the World for a superior Genius and Spirit to its Neighbours; and it is not to be denied that some Years ago it seemed to stand in that Reputation with the rest of Mankind, as *Athens* and *Rome* had before. Behold it at present languishing and decaying with a Sickness that cleaves to its Vitals; Letters and Arts drooping under the hard Hand of *Oppression*; all their Wit and Learning degenerated into the mean Artifices of *Cunning*, or the low Servility of wretched *Panegyric*. Their *Climate* is still the same, but their *Government* is not; the

the fineness of their Air, and the Spirit of their Fruits is still the same, but their *Liberties* are lost and extinguished, and nothing Great and Glorious can be effected without them. And who is it, that has thus *altered* the *End* of *Second Causes*, and *acted* in *Opposition* to the *Wisdom* of the *Creator*? Let them enjoy their *Grand Monarch*; If these are the Fruits of his Sway, we envy them not!

I hope my Reader will pardon me for this Reflection, which I assure him does not proceed from any Reasons of *Party*; which I exempted my self from meddling with, when I assumed this Character. I was indeed led into this Subject upon considering of the *Death* of a late *Great Man*, to whom Arts and Sciences are more indebted than to any private Man perhaps that ever our Nation produced. So universal an Encourager of all manner of Learning deserves to be held in the highest Veneration by all its Professors. I was in hopes that some one, out of the many he had raised, would have before now paid a Respect to the Memory of that *Great Mæcenas*. However, tho' the *Muses* have as yet been silent upon this Occasion, I am glad to see him remembered by

the *Translator* of the first Book of the *Iliad*: And since what he has said upon the *Earl of Halifax* is Just, Decent, and Short, I shall transcribe it for the Benefit of my Reader.

“ His consummate Knowledge in all
 “ kinds of Business, his winning Elo-
 “ quence in publick Assemblies, his
 “ active Zeal for the Good of his Coun-
 “ try, and the share he had in convey-
 “ ing the supreme Power to an illustri-
 “ ous Family, famous for being Friends
 “ to Mankind, are Subjects easy to be
 “ enlarged upon, but incapable of be-
 “ ing exhausted. The Nature of the
 “ following Performance more directly
 “ leads me to lament the Misfortune
 “ which has befallen the learned World,
 “ by the Death of so generous and uni-
 “ versal a Patron.

“ He rested not in a barren Admi-
 “ ration of the Polite Arts, wherein
 “ he himself was so great a Master, but
 “ was actuated by that Humanity, they
 “ naturally inspire: Which gave Rise
 “ to many excellent Writers, who
 “ have cast a Light upon the Age in
 “ which he lived, and will distinguish
 “ it to Posterity. It is well known,
 “ that very few celebrated Pieces have
 been

“ been published for several Years, but
 “ what were either promoted by his
 “ Encouragement, or supported by his
 “ Approbation, or recompensed by his
 “ Bounty. And if the Succession of
 “ Men, who excel in the most refined
 “ Arts, should not continue, (though
 “ some may impute it to a decay of
 “ Genius in our Country-men;) those
 “ who are acquainted with his Lordship’s
 “ Character will know more justly how
 “ to account for it. T

N^o 29. *Wednesday, June 15.*

*Joculare tibi videtur, & sane bene,
 Dum nihil majus habemus, calamo ludimus.*
 Phædr.

Looking over my Letters from Cor-
 respondents I fell upon some which
 I ought not to have neglected so long;
 but as I do not believe they are much
 the worse for *keeping*, I shall present
 them to my Reader for the Entertain-
 ment of this Day. For my own Part
 I can’t see any Reason why we Writers
 should be restrained from making the
 best of every thing, or mixing accord-
 ing

ing to the Custom of the Ladies small Fragments of Silk, which can be of no other Use, into a kind of *Patch-work*; a Work that gives curious Amusements to the Fancy while the pretty Dames consider from what different Quarters the Parts are borrowed, and how lovingly the *Top-knot* and the *Garter*, the *Bell's Petticoat*, and the *Beau's Breeches*, unite in the Contexture of a *Cushion*. The Motely Pieces that make up this Paper may perhaps not prove so entertaining, but they certainly make a Part of my Furniture, and therefore are not to be omitted.

Mr. *Johnson*,

“ I Am resolved not to call you *Cen-*
 “ *sor*, for I see you value your self
 “ upon that Name, and I love to mor-
 “ tify People at my Heart. Pray, what
 “ have you to do with our *Head-dres-*
 “ *ses*, or to make your Comparisons a-
 “ bout our Looks? I must tell you
 “ that you are no Judge, if you con-
 “ demn a Fashion which is so generally
 “ followed and admired, and you ought
 “ to know that we *Women* are never in
 “ the wrong. Lard! When some Peo-
 “ ple set up for Writing they grow so
 “ silly,

“ filly, and provoke People every Day
 “ with that they have nothing at all
 “ to do with, so *they do, that they do.*
 “ And now, Pray Mr. *Johnson*, say no
 “ more about the *Head-dress*, for if you
 “ do I will get a Lover of mine who
 “ is a witty Man, and has writ *Seven*
 “ *Plays* that were never acted thro’
 “ *Spight*, to write a severe Letter to you,
 “ and be even with you for abusing
 “ our Sex, and more especially me,

Sarah All-Feather.

I don’t know what to say to so angry
 a Correspondent, but only that I am in
 much more Fear of her *Beauty*, than
 the *Wit* of her Lover, whose *Seven*
unacted Plays are not near so terrible to
 me, as a single *Frown* from a *Lady’s*
 Brow. My next is from another *Fair*,
 who happens to entertain some better
 Thoughts of me than the former, and
 uses me with much more Respect.

Most Venerable *Censor*,

“ **M**Y Thoughts are divided be-
 “ tween Two very humble Ser-
 “ vants of quite different Characters;
 “ the *One* is no better than a *Fool*, and
 K 5 “ the

“ the *Other* no worse than a *Knave*.
“ They are both equally Happy in their
“ Fortunes, and agreeable in their Per-
“ sons, and if I could but mix some Part
“ of the Innocence of the *One*, and
“ of the Cunning of the *Other* together,
“ I might pick out a good Husband
“ between them both. But as the
“ Case stands, if I take Mr. *Dolt*, he
“ may grow Poorer, and I not Richer;
“ if Mr. *Subtle*, he may grow Richer,
“ and I still be the Poorer; the first
“ may Mismanage his own Fortune,
“ tho’ he shall not touch mine; and
“ the Second will have mine, tho’
“ he improves his own every Hour.
“ As there is no depending upon the
“ easy Nature of a *Fool* on the one
“ Hand, so there is no trusting to the
“ Generosity of a *Knave* on the other.
“ As to the Point of Reputation, that
“ is, what the World will think of
“ either of these Matches, I am wholly
“ unconcerned, the Women will cer-
“ tainly commend one Choice, and the
“ Men, at least those of this World, the
“ other. Yet still I am in suspense,
“ and if I know my own Heart, unde-
“ termined by any secret Affection:
“ To

" To you therefore, Venerable *Censor*,
 " I come as to an *Oracle*, to pronounce
 " the Fate of,

Your Admirer,

Diana Doubtful.

Tho' I believe the Lady has Sense enough to direct herself without my Advice, yet since she seems to depend upon my Judgment, I own that a moderate *Casulist* may easily resolve her Scruples. For there are a certain Set of Men in the World called *Lawyers*, who will tell her, that she may by proper Instruments tie up either *Fool* or *Knave* as she pleases, by consent of Parties. But I take hold of another Shred of an *Epistle* to compleat my *Patch-work*.

Mr. *Censor*,

" **A**N old Friend of mine, a *Virtu-*
 " *oso*, lent me a Book the other
 " Day, where I found an Account of
 " certain *Vessels* made to hold the Tears
 " which were shed at *Funerals*, call-
 " ed *Lacrymatories*. Now, Sir, I un-
 " stand that at the Interment of the
 " Ancients

“ Ancients every *Man* had his *Bottle*,
 “ for quite a different Use than we have
 “ at *Modern Burials*.

“ I would fain have this old Custom
 “ looked into by our *Critics*, and the
 “ first thing I would recommend to
 “ them, is the fixing the *Standard* of
 “ the *Bottles*, and whether this *Tear-*
 “ *Measure* is *Ale*, or *Wine-Measure*, tho’
 “ being my self of a dry Constitution,
 “ I am inclined to fancy it must be the
 “ latter.

“ The next thing I propose is to en-
 “ quire whether they were used by
 “ *Strangers* or *Relations*, and how much
 “ bigger the *Lacrymatory* of the imme-
 “ diate *Heir* to the deceased was, than
 “ those of the rest of the *Mourners*, and
 “ what Proportion those of *younger Bro-*
 “ *thers* might bear to the Eldest. For
 “ I suppose that every one drop’d into
 “ his *Bottle* in Proportion to what was
 “ left him.

“ Lastly, It ought to be considered,
 “ if a Man had more Inclination to
 “ *Laugh* than to *Cry* on such Occasion,
 “ whether *Tears* expressed by the Acti-
 “ on of *Laughter* ought not to go into
 “ the Account of the *Deceased*, as much
 “ as if it had been the Effect of *Sor-*
 “ *row*.

“ When

“ When these Matters are settled to
 “ my Satisfaction, I have some more
 “ important Questions upon the same
 “ Subject, which will be communicated
 “ to you by,

Your humble Servant,

T Timothy Dry-Eyes.

N^o 30. *Friday, June 17.*

Ἦδη γὰρ εἶδον πολλάκις καὶ τὴν σοφίαν
 Λόγῳ μάτῳ θνήσκουσας, εἶδ' ὅταν δόμους
 Ἐλθῶσιν, αὖθις ἐκτετίμῳ πλέον·

Sophoc. in Elect.

ABsence, and the Supposition of a
 Person's Death, upon his Return
 and Re-appearance in the World, have
 often contributed to raise his Value, and
 make him of more Price and Estimati-
 on, than when he remain'd altogether
 on the Spot, and was free of his Pre-
 sence and Conversation. The Verses
 that I have chose for my *Motto* to this
 Paper are a Testimony that this is no new
 Maxim, but founded on the venerable
 Authority

Authority and Opinion of above *Three Thousand Years*. *Orestes*, when he is for sending his *Governor* to *Myceene* to relate the forg'd Account of his Death, was so far from being shock'd at the Omen, in which the Old *Grecians* were always very Superstitious, that he warrants his Device from Precedent, and conceives fair Hopes from the Remark he makes in the following Lines.

*Why should I grieve to be reported Dead,
While I rise fairer from that Death sup-
pos'd,*

*To Nobler Life, to Happiness and Fame?
Nor can the Tale which profits prove dis-
astrous:*

*Oft have I heard of Men, for Wisdom
fam'd,*

*Revive, and flourish from imagin'd Tombs,
To fresh Renown, and more illustrious Tri-
umphs.*

Such is the Depravity of the World, and so prevalent is Envy, that we make it a Rule to slight our *Contemporaries*, and only honour them in their *Ashes*. We scarce ever esteem a Man equal to his Merit, till we have lost him; and then we are free to do his Memory Justice.

stice. We find by *Horace*, this was the very Practice of the *Augustan Age*;

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex Oculis quærimus invidi.*

I shall not make it my Business to de-claim on this Head, but take my Leave of it with a Remark of *Paterculus*; *We always treat things present, says he, with Envy; things past, with Veneration; for we believe our selves kept under by the former, but instructed by the latter.*

For this Reason I should advise Authors, in whatever Degree of Reputation with the Town, to take proper Occasions of withdrawing, and permit the World to wish for their Revival. It is an Artifice that not only relieves their Pens, but gives their Imagination an Opportunity of Recruiting, and lays a Foundation for their future Character. To load the Press with continual Publications, is debasing the Science of Writing into a Trade; making our past Works like dead Stock, or unfashionable Silks in a Mercer's Shop, which must be sold at an Under-price, because newer Figures are in Request.

For

For my own Part, I mean to follow the Example of an ancient Philosopher. *Hermippus* informs us, that *Pythagoras*, soon after his Arrival in *Italy*, had a private Room made under Ground; and having caused a Report to be spread of his Death, he hid himself in that Subterranean Lodging, ordering his Mother from time to time to let him down Meat with Privacy, and an Account in writing of all Affairs that happen'd in *Crotona*, and the adjacent Villages. After a sufficient Time of Retirement, he comes abroad, pretending to be risen from the Dead; and tells all the Circumstances of things as they had happen'd since his suppos'd Death, as if he had learn'd them in the other World: Which Project procur'd him a mighty Authority.

In Imitation of this *Sage*, I must acquaint my Readers, that I have provided a *Dormitory*, wherein I design for about *Four Months* to be *buried Alive*: And I must desire them from *this Day* to come into the Deceit, and suppose me in an actual State of *Death*. I have taken the like proper Measures as the Philosopher, during the Term of my Silence, for *Food* and *Intelligence*; and shall be faithfully advertis'd of the Growth and
Decay

Decay of *Follies* and *Fashions*. I hope the Notion of my *Austerity* under Ground, and the severe Remarks I must make on things in that *abstracted* Way of Life, will have a proper Influence on the Conduct of the Gay World, and not tempt me to attack their Obstinacy with too great Fury, when I come to *speake again*.

Diogenes Laertius; I remember, has amus'd us with a Story of Old *Epimenides*, of which I cannot inforce the Credit. This *Cretan* Poet being sent out into the Field by his Father to take care of his Flocks, was spent with the Heat and overcome with Drowsiness; to humour which, he withdrew to a Hovel, and there falling into a Slumber, slept for the Space of *Seventy Five Years*. When he awoke, he found a mighty Change in Buildings and Faces; and met no Object, he had the least Remembrance of, but his Brother, who was grown a very old Man. What I design by this Story, is the following Application: As I am preparing to *lye Dormant* for a Season, I must be permitted to declare my Fears, that tho' I should *sleep* double the time of *Epimenides*, I shall scarce find a *total Change* in the reigning

reigning *Vices*, or *Impertinencies* of the Age; and tho' some should *Dye*, I shall expect them to shoot out in a New *Species*, and, like Buildings rising from Ruins, flourish in a more splendid Appearance: However, I have strong Hopes that the *Black Heads* and all such *Exotics* will have lost their Existence, and that we shall trust to the Growth of our own Country for the Propagation of future Extravagancies.

That I may not be thought wholly idle in my *Separation*, I have Thoughts of giving Orders to some Eminent Carver, to make such a Head as I shall direct, of my great Predecessor in this Office, *Marcus Cato the Censor*. When I revisit the World in Print, I design to have a *Fix'd-piece* of this Grave Roman erected on a proper Stand in *Dick Leveridge's* Coffee-house, as well to encourage the Industry of that honest Man, as to receive my Correspondents Billets with less Trouble. Now as the Person that takes upon him to *Censure*, must have Open Ears to Report; I have determin'd that the Ear of this Dumb Representative of myself shall be the Vehicle of my Intelligence; and for this Reason it shall be form'd without a *Tympanum* to bar its

its Communication with the lower Parts of the Head, so that the Papers thrown in at that *Orifice* shall immediately descend below the *Beard*, where there shall be a proper Contrivance for their Vent.

I have but one thing more to mention, before I take my Leave; and that is, to thank the Publick for the kind Reception they have given to those *Lucubrations* of mine, which have already visited the Light: And to assure them, it will oblige me more particularly to study their Diversion in my future Labours.



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